THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP

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The BYSTANDER

"Murderous Marriages": No. 2. Joan and Jack Crawford

Caricatured by GOULD

This week our artist has united two Crawfords in the bonds of caricature—Joan, the film-star, and Jack, the triple Champion at lawn tennis. Adopting an unique method, Gould has secured his likenesses with most unlikely materials—cardboard, a racket, coloured paper, and a bisected chocolate-biscuit are all arranged before the camera does its work

YOU 'RE LOOKING

As Congregated in the District

The Week's Best In-Aid-Of—

(1) Lady Anne Rhys and Lady Elizabeth Murray, both charity-ball experts, looking through the programme at the Red Cross Ball, which was held at the Dorchester in aid of the British Red Cross Society's Clinic for Rheumatism. (2) Mlle. Livia Paravicini and Miss Priscilla Weigall were in the same party. If they are more expert at any one sort of social function than another, it must be at weddings, as they are two of the most popular bridesmaids

—Was Undoubtedly the Red Cross Ball

(3) Sir Archibald Weigall, Lady Lever and Señor Don Carlos Aramayo, the Bolivian Minister, were at the Red Cross Ball

(4) Miss FitzGerald, Mr. Jack Thursby, Mr. John de Forest, and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, who was one of the Committee which organised the Ball

Mr. Alasdair Anderson and Lady Flavia Giffard

(6) Mr. Alasdair Anderson, son of Mr. James Scott Anderson, of Tullichewan Castle, Dumbartonshire, and Lady Flavia Giffard, the Earl and Countess of Halsbury's only daughter, were married last week at Southwark Cathedral

(7) Mr. Ralph Hanké and Miss June Child, the daughter of Mme. Davila de Peña, had a very quiet wedding at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, at the beginning of last week

Mr. Ralph Hanké and Miss June Child

Supper Faces at th

AT LONDON

Called Mayfair

Swaebe

"What's On"
See page B—before the frontispiece—for "The Bystander's" weekly guide to London Amusements

Swaebe

Swaebe

Café de Paris

Cocktails for a Committee

(8) Lady Westmorland and Lady de Trafford at the cocktail-party at 22, Bruton Street, given for the organisers of the Edwardian Party on December 18th. (9) Mr. Seymour Leslie talking to the Hon. Mrs Simon Rodney and Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford. (10) The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Acland and Mrs. John Musker attending to the more serious business of the party. (11) Lady Stanley of Alderley and Miss Fordham photographed during the meeting

(5) Mrs. Nigel Norman, whose husband is one of the directors of Heston, the Hon. Vanda Vivian, Lady Weymouth's sister, and Mr. Alan Muntz were in a party at the Café de Paris one night last week

BY JOHN REYNOLDS

"I think I'd better read Mother's letter again"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

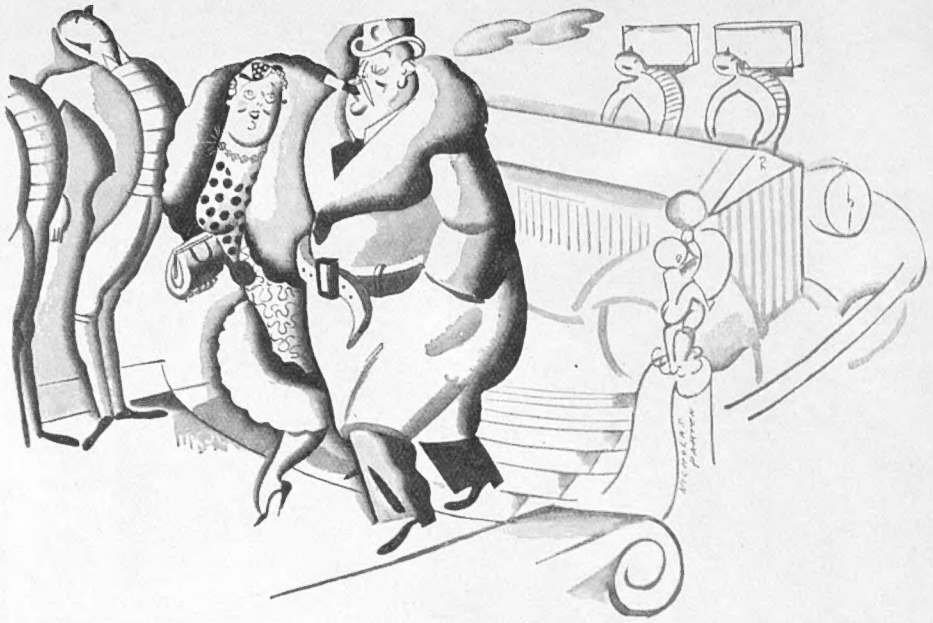
THE low-down on U.S. recognition of the U.S.S.R. came to us over the Atlantic telephone the other night. We were making a call to Washington from our office, and the low-down was handed to us by what popular newspapers call a "shrewd political commentator." Commentator told us that recognition of Russia is the first real sign that Roosevelt knows N.R.A. has failed; and that, had his policy of internal reconstruction shown the slightest signs of ameliorating present depression, he would not have invited Maxim Litvinoff to visit him and discuss business. N.R.A., however, has failed lamentably to stimulate the home consuming market, and Roosevelt, therefore, was compelled to buy a little atlas and search the world for a country capable of using sufficient American products to give industry the needed stimulus. His eye lighted on Russia, every other country having said: get the hell out of it, we're having a tough enough time trying to distribute our own products. This was nice for Russia, but even more nice for U.S.A., who are granting her all the credit for which she asks. Our friend says it is the first really astute political move Roosevelt has made, for, when the next Presidential election is about due, the Russian demand will be beginning to show in trade returns, and the Democrats will be able to point to rising trade in a continued world slump. Although Russia will pay, our friend points out that if by some world catastrophe she should be unable to, the elections will have been held, and if the Republicans should win, and no money is forthcoming, as has been sometimes known in connection with Russia, it 'll be their pigeon. And a tough one, too.

"It's a good idea all right, but it's no GOOD!"

JUST before Dr. Goebbels left Geneva with his male chorus of well-dressed Nazis, he held a Press reception, in order to expound to the world's newspapers the humanising effect of Fascism in Germany. A room was hired, and filled with little wooden chairs, but at the last minute the astute doctor thought it 'd be a splendid thing to show some mark of esteem to the friends of Germany by giving pro-Nazi journalists nice, comfortable leather chairs in which to sit while listening to him. No difficulty was experienced in immediately finding enough such chairs for his friends; and six were brought in, into which Nazi apologists, such as Vernon Bartlett, were to be ushered. The friends, however, were a little shy of accepting such hospitality as would mark them out, and preferred to sit on the hard little wooden chairs reserved for such "Marxists" as all the important newspapers of the world. All, that is, except a Dutch journalist who, although personally pro-Nazi, works for a paper that has some sense of seemliness. Dutchman arrived late, and, not knowing the significance of the leather chairs, allowed one of the chorus boys to usher him into one of them, where he sat alone. Next day he was fired. We are glad to put this on record as showing

both the tact, wisdom and kindly feelings of Doctor Goebbels, who thinks of everything.

FASCISM pops in and out of the news like a pea-nut vendor at a Paris café, but it is only from impartial sources that the truth ever springs, and not always then. A friend of ours, convinced that, sooner, or later, we 'll all have to do something about it, has just returned from Italy, after making an economic survey of the whole lengthy country, lasting nearly a year. He tells us that so far from Fascism making everybody better off it has, in fact, depressed the standard of living in astonishing degree. He tells us that the general wage-level has dropped by fifteen per cent. since 1928, and that the percentage of workers on reduced hours has shot up from six to over thirty in the same period.



"Lausanne yesterday and Paris to-day! Roland, my dear, we're just a couple of gipsies"

"Steady, Mr. Smithers. Remember, the customer is always *right"*

We think that that 's a pretty serious indictment, and should be studied by the boys at Sir Oswald Mosley's girls' seminary down Chelsea way. Our friend also tells us that, although no mention of them ever appears in the Press, strikes become more frequent every year, and are now spreading to such groups as clerks and Civil Servants, who find their wages forced even lower. He told us a whole lot more which we 've no room for here. British Fascism, at present, is mad keen to get publicity, which is why "The Leader" makes foreign tours: if he makes any at home no one says anything, so he has to go to Berlin and Rome, or send his boys. Then the Press mentions him. If he really wants publicity, we suggest he should lose a pearl necklace or give a testimonial to a face-cream.

APROPOS Italy, we wonder whether the Duce still allows the Post Office to be mixed up with private trading as was done in the past. Italian gentlemen of commerce could purchase—so to speak—a post office and carry it on at their own profit. At least, a friend who lived in Italy assured us this was the case. Indeed, said friend told us a story of a man who ran the post office in an important town on the

Italian Riviera, and English residents, when they went there to purchase stamps, were surprised to find how often their wants could not be supplied. The particular denomination of stamp asked for was, unfortunately, out of stock, but, with that innate courtesy which is a recognised feature of the Continent, the disappointed purchaser was informed that his wants could be supplied by a tobacconist near by. And the teller told no lie. The tobacconist *could* supply them. But in what way, you may ask, did the postmaster score? Well, the tobacconist was his brother-in-law, and, as a private trader, he was allowed $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. discount by Government on all stamps sold by him. A pleasing family arrangement which hurt no one very much!

ONE of the reasons we 're going to tell you this story is because we oughtn't to. It 's about the Prime Minister, who asked a friend to luncheon at Chequers and then took him a walk to the top of a high hill from which, we are more or less reliably informed, seven counties can be seen. At the top of the hill the Premier took our friend's arm, and slowly pointed around him; then said: "My friend, when I come up here and look down on all these counties with their innumer-r-rable homes, and when I think of all the humble folk in those homes going about their daily tasks, and when I think of all the other counties and all their homes, and the innumerable humble folk in

"It's just a tumble-down shanty,
But I call it home—"

"For three pence I maka da soft musica, yes?"

them, and when I think that all those folk are relying on me. . . . It is sometimes a bur-r-rden heavier than a man can bear." The other reason for telling it is to relieve Mr. MacDonald's mind, and to lighten that bur-r-rden. We don't rely on him at all. None the less, we approve of statesmen taking their responsibilities seriously, and our heart goes out to little Dollfuss, who, according to a friend just back from Vienna, was so worried by the political situation on the evening he was shot that he spent the whole night striding back and forth underneath his bed.

LIFE, a correspondent kindly takes the trouble to inform us, is a pretty dangerous affair. How dangerous we were unable to gauge until it was brought to our notice that Ping-Pong has been declared immoral in Hungary. Our own memories of Hungary do not embrace a ping-pong orgy, although we did once see the Vice-Chancellor of Germany dancing on a café table in Budapesth, so we guess we must have missed the greatest debauch of all. On our next visit we 'll rectify the omission, and, if it 's not too scandalous an adventure, we'll tell you about it. It is obvious to us that neither Buda nor Pesth is what it was, for no person under eighteen may now enter a public ping-pong parlour unless accompanied by a parent or guardian. When we were last there we were introduced to a man who had been a spy and had fallen on evil times. He got rather drunk at our expense and suggested that we should help him burgle the Hungarian Foreign Office. We 're sorry—now that drab middle-age is approaching—that we refused his offer and thus denied ourselves a crowded hour of glorious life.

NOBODY knows better than we do how seriously our Empire builders take their responsibilities, most of which have now been reduced to the formula of giving the natives—or rightful owners of the land—that portion of their own country for which no one could have any possible use, and turfing them off it when geologists suddenly discover that there 's gold or oil there. This is called carrying civilisation to backward peoples. We agree that it is pretty backward to prefer pasture to gold mines. We are reminded of all this by a man from Australia who, on the principle that it 's better to hunt harmless animals with the movie camera than the gun, has gone out into darkest Australia armed only with a tin toy squeaker, having the idea that if you 'll only amuse people, they 'll be docile. It 's an idea, and we recommend it to the British film industry; talking of which, we met a friend from the studio where *The Wandering Jew* is being produced. Friend tells us that when the casting was in process enormous crowds were required for the different scenes. The casting director, after giving the boys and girls a quick look over, decided to classify them, the easier to handle the crew. They are now divided into Class I. Jews; Class II. Jews; Class I. Gentiles; Class II. Gentiles; and Rabble! We understand it was pretty tough trying to draw the line between each section.

THE BYSTANDERS.

THESPÆANS

No. 8.—Nellie Wallace

(With the usual apologies to Rudyard Kipling's "Fuzzy-Wuzzy")

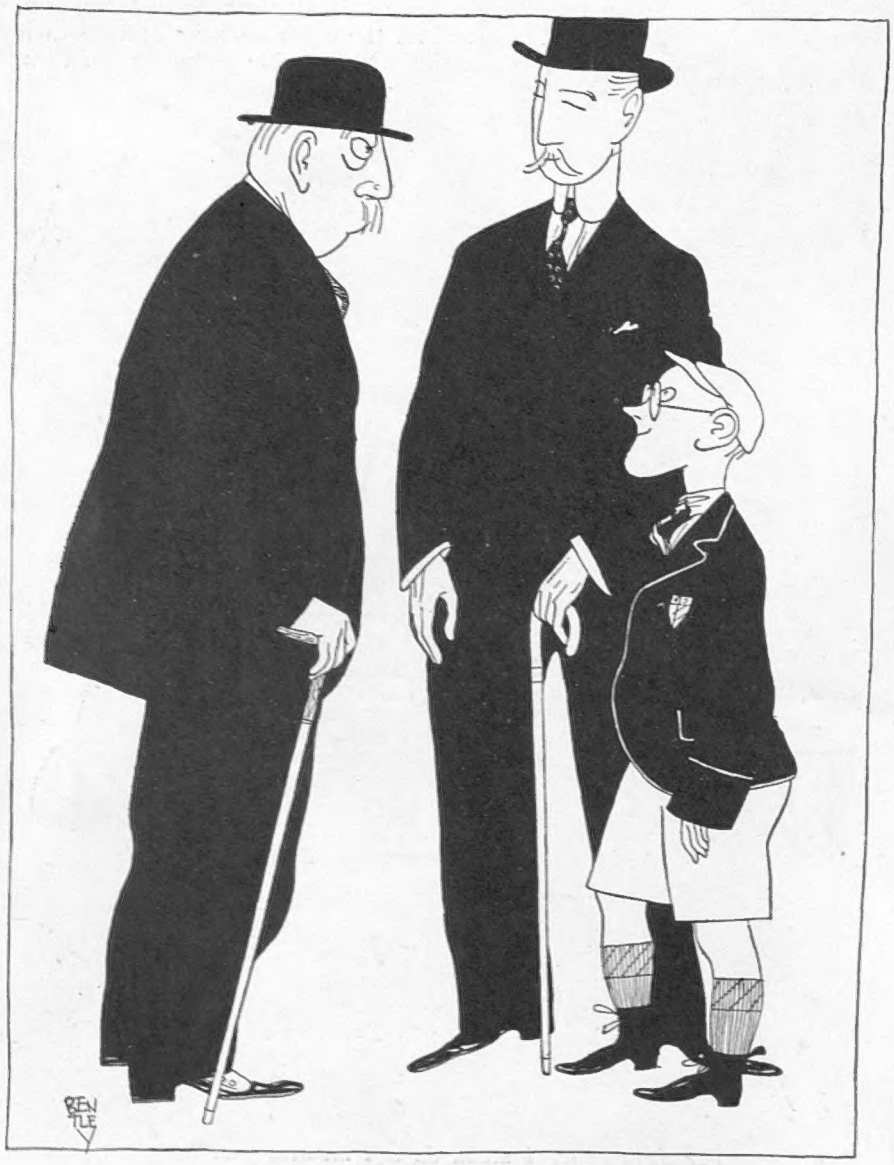
WE 'ave seen a lot o' comics in our day,
An' some of them was good, an' some was not,
But now we do not 'esitate to say
That Nellie is the brightest o' the lot.
We always get a 'earty laugh from 'er,
When on the stage we see 'er gaily trip it,
With 'er comic-lookin' stockings and the fur
She wraps around 'er neck an' calls 'er "tippet."

So 'ere 's to you, Nellie Wallace, with your eyebrows an' your curls,
An' your warnings 'gainst bad menfolk what you 'ands out to the girls;
You ain't no Lily Elsie, bless your 'eart, old sport, but then—
You *are* a bloomin' caution an' a great comedienne.

She doesn't swank a lot about "My art,"
Or get took with bad attacks o' temp'riment,
But she works like twenty sappers from the start,
An' she earns 'er screw—yes, ev'ry bloomin' cent;
For she 's a way of laughin' at our woes
An' turnin' all our troubles into fun
With a jolly 'uman touch that clearly shows
She 's a gem at gettin' worry on the run.

So 'ere 's to you, Nellie Wallace, with your cheerful outsize grin
An' your gags about the milkman an' them girls what dotes on gin.
With your smilin' teeth a-wavin' an' your clothes on any'ow,
Believe me, Nellie Wallace, you 're a right-down, reg'lar Wow!

B. W.



"I want to introduce my son"
"What on earth for?"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"Afterwards" (Whitehall)

ONE theatre, one policy, is sound practice. It would never do if Walter Hackett went off the crook standard and gave us, shall we say, some compact historical drama in which we should find Marion Lorne cast for Joan of Arc or Anne of Cleves. What we expect at the Whitehall, and what we get, is a loosely-spun web of mysterious goings-on in which the flies burn their wings in exclusive night-clubs and the spiders who cross their path exhibit an immaculate taste in evening dress. This blend of farce and crime, shaken up with Mr. Hackett's knowing hand, makes a very palatable entertainment. Sometimes you can solve the mystery and get all the doubtful bits nicely dovetailed together. More often you can't; and, in either case, the success or failure of your detective faculties doesn't matter. With Marion Lorne and Gordon Harker to do their stuff, and a well-dressed corpse or two to keep suspense on tip-toe, you are among old and trusted friends. Mr. Hackett's formula is like the old-fashioned gear-box—a bit complicated, but it works. How much its working depends on Miss Lorne I leave you to figure out. Personally, I can't think of a better peg for a crooked battle of wits than her particular brand of simple-hearted, dithering old maid. You can't want a nicer contrast, either, than the flash crooks of Mr. Hackett's imagining and the Harker genius for getting into the reformed skin of the old lag at large. Mr. Harker has Dartmoor written across his waistcoat just as indelibly as Mary got Calais mixed up with her heart.

By adding Ronald Squire to the repertoire, Mr. Hackett has done us proud. You 'll be surprised, I 'm sure, to find Mr. Squire this time without a ducal coronet. *Afterwards* reveals him as the Great La Salle, a third-rate illusionist, with Gordon Harker for property-man and Marion Lorne as his foozling assistant. The back-stage view of their act in preparation is good fooling, with the other turns providing realistic atmospherics. Seen from the front, their thought-reading hocum (introducing Gordon Harker and the stage manager as accomplices) was bum enough to explain why the star dressing-room was occupied by the sea-lions. But

"Sunshine Sisters," at the Queen's

A shady street scene in Paris, introducing three down-and-out-of-doors chorus girls, played by Phyllis Monkman, Joan Clarkson and Dorothy Dickson, with Jack Hawkins as a picker-up of these unconsidered trifles

that didn't stop the trio from being hired for £500 by a doubtful solicitor to stage a fake séance in a country house in Sussex. The idea was to free a lovely widow (Christine Barry) from the baleful influence of a crooked psycho-analyst (Henry Daniell), who kept on giving her disturbing messages from the husband she had just lost in an aeroplane crash.

I hardly like to give away the surprise of the séance (you can imagine Miss Lorne's flutterings before simulating trance), but I must say Mr. Hackett's daring switch from the ridiculous to the supernatural made me feel rather uncomfortable. No wonder the last Act wobbled, for the author's masterstroke had shifted the entire ground. It needed a great effort to bring us and the piece back from the other side of the grave. Shocks and scruples aside, the sum total of murder, embezzlement, villainies, police officers and chicanery adds up to a substantial credit balance, and there you are.

"Sunshine Sisters" (Queen's)

WHAT with the tacit silences of the Censorship and Mr. George Robey's praise of "Honest Vulgarity" at a literary luncheon, I may be all wrong about the joke of misunderstanding which makes a play out of taking three respectable chorus-girls, and their ex-music-hall mother, for a family of prostitutes. Ivor Novello, you may remember, worked this kind of cross-purposes wheeze with good, if blush-raising, effect in *Fresh Fields*. But even with the unpretentious purpose of giving us a good laugh, I can't believe this particular jest is worth making, still less prolonging beyond the fair limits of repetition. After so bright an opening as the scene where the three sisters are stranded in Paris, and the Sunshine family's professional digs in London, the gaffe is the more inexcusable. From sure comedy ground, Mr. Novello runs amok in a ducal mansion beyond the pale of Hollywood, taking his joke with him. Here the Sunshines are received as guests by a charitable, Mrs. Patrick Campbell kind of Duchess, who treats them as "unfortunates" and asks the county to meet them at dinner. The part of the Duchess hardly seemed to tax Irene Browne's resources at all, which shows what a remarkably charming and competent actress she is.

In the last Act, before the Sunshine who spoke only in clichés (Joan Clarkson) had got hitched up to the Duke (Sebastian Shaw) who did likewise, Mr. Novello kindly allowed the Cockney good-sort and the artful minx (Phyllis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson) to break into song and dance. With this pleasant reminder of old times, I commend you to Wellynge Castle—at your own risk. After all, what *is* vulgarity?

"The Rose Without a Thorn" (Duke of York's)

THIS revival of Clifford Bax's perfect play about Henry the Eighth and Katharine Howard is a live and vivid coal wherewith to feed the Tudor blaze about us. Here you may parry a Laughton with a Vosper and take great comfort from the intellectual superiority of the play over the film. With Shakespeare and Fletcher running up a rival standard at Sadler's Wells, the bluff and bewildering monarch awaits your vivisection with twinkling eyes. If you prefer the big man of tears to the brute breaker of chicken-bones, Frank Vosper's performance, unwavering in its bravura, immaculate in its pity, will give you the fine glow of an æsthetic conquest of sensationalism.

TRINCULO.

Sketches by Rouson

Portrait of a would-be poisoner, Lane Franklyn (Richard Gray), on discovering that he has picked the wrong glass

"Afterwards," at the Whitehall

The Great La Salle (Ronald Squire) finds his experiment takes an unexpected turn when his assistant, Tilly Whim (Marion Lorne), starts "seeing things" not included in the entertainment provided by La Salle and his assistant, William Ambrose (Gordon Harker)

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 25. Beverley Baxter

Potted by Charles Gay: Caricatured by Sirra

THE number of men enjoying salaries, or, anyway, possessing salaries, of ten thousand pounds a year must be precious small in this country. The latest recruit to their ranks is perhaps the most colourful and mercurial of them all. Arthur Beverley Baxter, appointed the Director of Public Relations of the Gaumont-British Corporation, was, until a fortnight ago, the Editor-in-chief (at seven thousand five hundred pounds a year) of the *Daily Express*. And he is the first editor in England who has been translated to a more important job in a different sphere with a bigger salary. Baxter has always found it easy to make money in England. Three years ago he renounced a job of eleven thousand pounds a year for seven years.

A Canadian by birth, Bax came to Europe in the Great War. Until then he had been a high-grade piano salesman in Toronto. Incidentally, when he returned after the War he was offered his job back at seven hundred pounds a year. He had no money except his gratuity. Yet still he turned it down. The first article he ever wrote appeared in the *Canadian Furnisher and Undertaker*. The first man to make him an Editor was Brigadier-General Critchley—the publication being his Brigade's magazine. Bax did not meet Lord Beaverbrook, with whom he was afterwards associated for thirteen years, until the War was over. He was offered a job on the *Daily Express*, but refused it. A few weeks later he returned to Canada in a troop-ship. Lord Beaverbrook was on board. Bax, who has a pleasant tenor voice, sang a solo. Lord Beaverbrook sent him a message. "I still think you ought to be a journalist," he wrote.

Months of literary disappointment in Canada followed, and then *Chambers' Journal* took him up. That was the turning-point. He returned to England, joined the *Daily Express*, and rose from reporter to Editor.

BUT what sort of a man is this Bax? Well, the new plump Ambassador of the Film Industry has a mind like quicksilver. He can be ruthless, genial, callous, witty, cynical, sentimental, and brutal within the space of five minutes. His hobbies are losing money at golf (he is an execrable golfer) and lunching with Sir Thomas Beecham (at heart, he is a conductor of an orchestra himself). He is a brilliant writer, a first-class psychologist, and an admirable conversationalist, with the vitality of a bull, and an exact knowledge of what the public wants. Under his editorship the *Daily Express* became the first daily newspaper in the world to reach a circulation of two million. Which says something, too, for his powers of organisation. Yes, one can congratulate the Ostrer Brothers. Mark my words, it was one of the shrewdest actions in their very shrewd career to create this job and persuade Bax to fix it for at least five years. Elstree had better watch out.

Fred Astaire Has It—

—and Maurice Chevalier Has It

Do They Appeal?

Why, Yes! They Have That Certain Something

WE don't seem to have been able to produce anything over here in England that quite equals the light-hearted charm, impudence, insouciance and appeal of Fred Astaire and of Maurice Chevalier. Critics have been enthusiastic neither about "Gay Divorce" nor "The Way to Love," but still these two shows are as popular as can be, because the American star and the French star are in them. Fred Astaire sings "After You, Who?" and every right-minded female knows that she'd do all she could to comfort him, given half a chance. Maurice Chevalier, in his latest film, gets a job as a guide to Paris, and, between him and Mutt, the Sealyham, the fans don't know which "sight" they want to be guided to first. Of course, Fred Astaire dances and sings, and, of course, Maurice Chevalier sings, smiles and wears a straw boater, and each is an artist in his way—but none of that's their big secret. No; they've both got S.A. +; that's what it is

ROUND

WHO GOES HUNTING?

Top left: Lady Furness was out for the first time with the Cottesmore, at Leesthorpe cross-roads; she was on foot, but her children, Caryll and Patricia Cavendish, were out on their ponies

Above, left: Mr. W. Leviter, Col. the Hon. Freddy Cripps, Miss Sheelagh and Miss Crista Paravicini, Miss Pearson and Lady Enid Turnor attended to the social side of hunting at the same Cottesmore meet

Left: Mr. H. Lloyd Thomas, the Prince of Wales' Equerry, and Captain "Bill" Rollo, wearing their Armistice Day poppies and looking as dandy as may be, at the Cottesmore meet at Sowerby

DOG DAYS

Mr. Robin Unwin, Miss Follett and Lord Sherborne at the Western Counties and South Wales Working Retriever Society's trials, at Sherborne, Gloucestershire. Lord Sherborne is the President of the Society

DEATH TO THE RABBITS

Somebody's bound to say, Jocelyn Lucas's pack of at the meet at Rossley Manor fifteen couples out altogether. are at Farmcote, Winchcombe.

A PARTY—SOCIALLY O.K.

Swaebe

Above: Commander and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, Lady Inchcape and Lord Inchcape at the party at the Ritz given by Countess Poulett and Lady Bridget Poulett

Right: Mrs. Charles Sweeny, for once not dancing with her husband, but still with a golfer, Mr. John de Forest

"Aren't they sweet?" when they look at this lot. They're Captain Sealyhams and "Jack Russell" terrier beagles being collected together Country Club before being taken out rabbit-hunting; there were about Their "country" is in Gloucestershire; Captain Lucas's kennels and are well known wherever Sealyham-ites are to be found

ABOUT

Below: the Hon. David Tennant and the Marchioness of Queensberry were at the party which Lady Bridget Poulett and her mother gave

Swaebe

ON DUTY AT "HIS MAJESTY'S"

RACE-CARD CONCENTRATION

Above: Miss Isla Balfour, Miss Elizabeth Campbell, Miss Marigold Stockton and Miss Anne Arnold selling programmes at the matinée of "Redhead, or, Just Imagine," held in aid of the War Service Legion

Left: the Marchioness of Blandford, Miss McCall and Captain Boyd-Rochfort, all with the serious mien of serious race-goers. They were at the Leicester meeting

Below: Noel Coward rehearsing Joyce Barbour, Helen Spencer, Ann Trevor and Gladys Henson before the opening of "Hay Fever" last week. The revival of Noel Coward's comedy has been put on by C. B. Cochran at the Shaftesbury

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Geo. Dallison

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

"*La Maternelle*"

WHEN, last week, I wrote about youthful talent and naturalism on the screen, I had not seen *La Maternelle*, which has a cast almost entirely composed of children, nor *The Way to Love*, in which Chevalier's dog, Casanova, thieves the acting honours. To avoid the tedium of repetitiveness, I can only allow the children to speak for themselves and the dog to bark!

La Maternelle is a French film with a depressingly "unlikely" theme—life in an infant school for poor children, and, in synopsis, has an alarming similarity to *Mädchen in Uniform*, since a pupil's infatuation for a governess, and her attempted suicide, is the motif round which the picture is built. But there is nothing in common, either in matter or method, between the two films. The English titles to *La Maternelle* are so bad that much of the real meaning is lost for those who do not understand French, as the published critical explanations of the story have proved, but even so, the amazing performances of the children, of all types and colours, ranging from toddlers of two to ragamuffins of ten, the presentation of the humour and drama and the personality of nine-year-old Paulette Elambert in the chief part, make this an outstandingly interesting film.

Little Marie's jealous love for Rose, an educated and refined girl forced by poverty to take a menial post in the school, is not merely the morbid infatuation which infects adolescents. To her, Rose represents not only "La Maternelle," but goodness and purity. She knows why her mother has deserted her. She has seen the inception and development of at least one of her affairs. When she sees Rose in the arms of the young doctor she cannot differentiate and, in a spirit of revulsion and misery, she runs away. Down on the quay a man and girl are love-making. Viciously she throws stones at the reflection of their, to her, hideous embraces. The ripples die away and it is still there. In a moment of abject misery and revolt she flings herself into the water.

It is gross, motherly, comic Madame Palandin, the school servant, brilliantly played by Mada Berry, who rubs the pathetically thin little body back to warmth and life and effects an understanding between the child and the doctor who is going to marry Rose (Madeleine Renaud). Sentimentality is eschewed and one can only marvel at the brilliance of the direction by Benoit Levy and Marie Epstein which has achieved what would seem impossible—the flawless collective acting of a horde of untrained children.

"*The Way to Love*"

WE have been told that in *The Way to Love* Maurice Chevalier creates a new kind of rôle. Certainly he wears neither "immaculate evening dress" nor elaborate uniform. He is the hard-up assistant of a charlatan Professor of the Science of Love, whose highest ambition is to be a real GUIDE. Nevertheless, he is, thank goodness, again the Chevalier we know, singing songs with the maximum of sentiment, suggestion and humour, lapsing into contortionist music-hall dancing, getting in and out of difficulties with his usual smiling aplomb. In as much as he has been given considerable freedom by the director, Taurog, is evidently at home in the part, and has several appreciable opportunities for the expression of less than hilarious emotion, Chevalier gives a better and more sympathetic performance in *The Way to Love* than he has done in his last few pictures.

Edward Everett Horton, as Professor Bibi, has a wealth of subtle intonation and facial expression to give point to the humour allotted him, and then there is the dog, Casanova, a born camera-artist. The melodramatic undercurrent connected with the heroine and a knife-throwing ruffian need not be taken too seriously. That is the mistake that Ann Dvorak and the director have made.

"*Ann Carver's Profession*"

THIS film shows Fay Ray in a new light. Without being a brilliant actress she has shown herself capable of handling a quite amazing variety of rôles and even changing her appearance in the process. Ann Carver is a girl who sacrifices an idyllically happy married life with a pallid but personable ex-football star (well acted by Gene Raymond) for ambition. She is a brilliantly successful lawyer, which drives her husband, literally, to wine, women and song. He becomes a "crooner," in order to compete with her financially.

When a drunken cabaret star hangs herself accidentally in Bill's rooms, and he is accused of the murder, Ann defends him; he is acquitted and they live happily until the end of the picture, which is quite long enough.

It is a pity that the Court scenes instead of proving Ann's brilliance merely assert the idiocy of American law and juries

Below: a scene from "Ann Carver's Profession," where Fay Wray, as the brilliant woman-lawyer, finds her husband (Gene Raymond) with the cabaret star (Claire Dodd) who has killed herself. It looks like murder, but the lawyer gets her husband acquitted

"Ann Carver's Profession": The Suicide that Looked like Murder

The Knife-Thrower's Target

Besides being Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in "The Way to Love," Ann Dvorak is also a knife-thrower's assistant—in the film, of course. But the valiant guide to Paris saves her twice from this fate, and after that they naturally marry and live happy ever after

Idols in Wood: No. 10. Relativity and Force

Professor Einstein, the famous scientist, and Lord Trenchard, the Satrap of Scotland Yard, are the two latest models caricatured in carving by S. D. Banks. Standing about twenty inches high, these figures are carved and coloured by hand; the originals are for sale

BY GILBERT TURRALL

The Ship that Didn't

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Percy Summers
"The Admiral"

WE have written before of market slips, and how one of their most important uses in the House is for decorative purposes. There is something very satisfactory to most members in getting a slip, either plain, folded, or cut, firmly fixed on to someone else's hat, coat-collar, or trouser turn-up. And the longer the slip stays in position without the wearer knowing it 's there, the more satisfactory it is. Before the war, the slips were much bigger, and it was then all the rage for members to use them to keep their stiff shirt-cuffs clean. But the exorbitant price of paper during the war, and the orders for rigid economy, reduced the slips to their present size, and only a few people use them now as cuff-guards.

ONE member who still keeps up this old Stock Exchange custom is Sannyer Atkin; he also uses his cuffs to make notes on. He lives down in Chelsea, and there has a really remarkable wood-carver's workshop, where he and his friends spend a lot of their spare time. They turn out work the range of which is almost unlimited, and the quality unsurpassed by even professional workers in wood. Which is typical of the Stock Exchange; it is full of expert craftsmen of all sorts. Whether it 's the mainspring of a watch that needs mending or an altar-front that 's fallen into decay, there 's sure to be someone in the House who can do the job.

THIS reminds us of yet another collector—D. F. McArthur. His weakness is snuff-boxes; he has about sixty of them, all of which he has picked up for very small sums. He is supposed never to pay more than £1 for any of his "pieces." Mr. McArthur, like so many collectors, is shy and retiring, but most charming to those who know him.

THE Two Minutes Silence in the House on Armistice Day was most impressive. The floor was crowded with members and their wives, who all sang the National Anthem to Alan Kirby's conducting. There was a good sprinkling of uniforms, and a distinct smell of moth-ball, some of the uniforms having been put by for fifteen years or so. Whether or not members enjoyed having to go up to the House on a "Saturday-off," their wives certainly made the most of their visit. The waiters' rattles and the lights for calling members were the most popular fixtures, especially the latter. The marking-board, where bargains are recorded and from which the official list of prices is made, was a puzzler to most of the wives, who went home baffled by its mystery but with an increased respect for their husbands' intellectual abilities.

Sannyer Atkin
Making a note

THE Stock Exchange War Wounded Entertainment Fund, for which "Goddy" Godwin does so much, has had a nice fillip from the record made by some of "the boys" at one of the concerts at Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton. The gramophone company fixed up their apparatus in the concert-hall, and "the boys" sang one or two of the old favourites. The record that was finally produced has been given a grand write-up by Christopher Stone, and as the Entertainment Fund is to benefit from the sales, it was a good evening's work all round.

JOHN COHEN has been doing his bit in the charitable sphere by getting the sales of the *Help Yourself Annual* up in the House; he really has been working hard at it. He is himself a member of the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society, and one of its cleverest actors; he made a great hit as Birnbaum in *The Constant Nymph* when the Society produced it at the Scala. He was in the "No-Trumpers" show the other day, too.

THE reason why Percy Summers, whom "Jonk" has taken it upon himself to draw as his third "subject" this week, is called "The Admiral," seems pretty obscure. He obviously doesn 't get his nickname because he looks like one, because, if admirals have moustaches, they always have beards as well. However, Percy Summers *is* called "The Admiral," and the only explanation we can find is that he has a somewhat quarter-deck stance and a powerful voice, acquired, we understand, during his early years at Westcliff, when he liked to strut along the front in a yachting-cap, sniffing the offing, or whatever the expression is.

Two years ago a young Scottish jobber bought a nomination for £50, and made himself a member. Some weeks ago he sold it for £950, and has now purchased a tobacconist's business on the Kingston By-pass. Well, well!

APROPOS the back-to-Palestine-from-Germany movement that Hitler has been responsible for, the following tale has been going round. A Jew, lunching in a Berlin restaurant, was violently cursing Moses. When he was asked what Moses had done to deserve this, he said, peevishly: "If it hadn't been for him, we should be under British rule now."

John Cohen
"Help yourself!"

Music (and all That)

Theatre Music

By "Melos"

FOR some reason the British theatre-going public like some sort of more or less musical noise to speed them to the bar or the vestibule in non-musical plays. They are not satisfied with the silence followed by the preliminary taps so familiar in the French theatre.

I knew an old gentleman who, whatever the play, was determined always to get there long before it was due to start. "I like," he explained, "to see the flute unpacked." I am not quite too old a hand not to remember, or, even now, to be indifferent to, the pleasurable sense of anticipation arising from the tuning-up of the orchestra. This is a piece of "music" a certain Shah of Persia enjoyed so much that he asked for it to be repeated, coupling this request later on in the evening with an offer to buy the whole of the Gaiety chorus (female department) and take them back, back, back to Teheran.

THERE is, I believe, a gramophone device to represent this tuning-up, thus lending an air of verisimilitude to a musically unadorned theatre. An ingenious deception. But it is doubtful whether this will be any more satisfactory than an entire audience standing up to a record of "God Save the King." That always seems to me inexpressibly ludicrous, though I would be hard put to it to say why.

BUT potted incidental music is already with us, and it has come to stay.

It is absurd to argue that this is an efficient substitute for a real orchestra. It may be one day, but at present it is nothing of the sort; the horny, woolly tone is unmistakable. There is about it no sort of atmosphere, and atmosphere is the main thing incidental music is intended to create. Potted incidental music is to be used in *Aeropolis*, the play of classical Greece due shortly at the Lyric Theatre.

Now, no play of ancient Athens can ever be produced without anachronisms; the mere fact that the characters are talking English is an anachronism, and so is a modern orchestra. But gramophonic sounds emerging from the wings or the orchestra pit, as if Socrates or Alcibiades had just popped on the latest H.M.V. record, are anachronistic to the point of absurdity, and beyond it.

MONEY, of course, is saved thereby. The composer—in this case, Mr. Norman O'Neill, than whom nobody writes better incidental music—is saved trouble. He simply has his music canned, which is probably done some time before the last batch of rehearsals, receives a cheque, and need not go to the theatre any more, not even for the first-night performance.

If the play proves to be a tedious one, he will be spared the ordeal of seeing it night after night. In many non-musical theatres this has been avoided for years, because it has been the fashion to tuck the orchestra away out of sight, either under the stage or beneath a canopy of imitation palm-leaves, as if the players and their conductor had criminal and forbidding faces, liable to put the spectators off their feed.

But the lack of the human element will still be a little terrifying. I am convinced, too, that this is a spoiling-the-ship-for-a-ha'porth-of-tar policy. If one is to have good incidental music—and as such it is an asset—it is worth while getting it performed adequately. This can never come about with mechanical music until it ceases to sound mechanical.

When people talk to me of the wonders of gramophones—to which, as such, I am not in the least opposed—I feel that the chief wonder is not that they have progressed so much in the course of years, but so little. The human voice is splendidly reproduced; but only a moron could mistake the gramophonic strings or the gramophonic brass for the real thing.

TETRAZZINI achieved the familiar type of diva's "farewell" triumph at the Albert Hall very gracefully and cheerily. There was once a popular bass song which, with only one slight alteration of spelling, I will quote as—

"Fearful the life of the diva must be,
Walking alone, walking alone,
Walking alone in the depths of the sea."

Mme. Tetrazzini is more concerned with high C's than with deep seas, and she looks so genial (and sings so well) that I am sure her life cannot be a fearful one. But, in a sense, she walks alone. For she is the last of the great *coloratura* singers, who sing farewell after farewell and appear to be weighed down neither with the weight of years nor with floral gifts, nor with emotional speechifying, in which there is plenty of sincerity.

Patti has gone. Melba has gone. Galli-Curci is not a "popular" singer in the same sense, and her fame is largely due to the sale of her records. But this plump little Italian goes smilingly along her lonely way, and I am convinced that we shall hear her yet again. I hope so, for she sings uncommonly well.

Mme. Tetrazzini and Jan Kubelik met for the first time at the Pump Room, Tunbridge Wells, when the prima donna went to hear the violinist's recital. Tetrazzini and Kubelik have both travelled more than two million miles round the world for their concerts, but had never met before

Tetrazzini's Farewell Concert

Above: Lisa Minghetti, the young Viennese violinist, and a pupil of Carl Fleisch, played at the Albert Hall at the concert which inaugurated Tetrazzini's farewell tour

Right: Sir Landon and Lady Ronald talking to Joseph Hislop, who also contributed to the programme of Tetrazzini's concert at the Albert Hall

Engaged

On the Stage and Otherwise

Janet Jevons

Dodo Watts

Dodo Watts, seen above, made her first appearance in 1924, at the age of fourteen. She has since played leading parts on stage and screen. Her outstanding successes include the recent successful farce "High Temperature," at the Phœnix Theatre, and she has also to her credit starring parts in "Almost a Honeymoon," "The Middle Watch," and "The Man from Chicago," all British Films. "The Bystander" owes Miss Watts an apology for describing her in a recent issue as the wife of Mr. Saxon Mills. Miss Watts is not married, and is still following her career as an actress

Yevonde

Ann Todd

Above, right: Ann Todd, the clever young actress whose marriage to Mr. Victor Neill Malcolm, second son of Sir Ian Malcolm, will take place on December 6th. During her stage career she has appeared in "A Damsel in Distress," "The Middle Watch," "Cynara," and "When Ladies Meet"

Cannons of Hollywood

Iris Ashley

Right: Iris Ashley, now in "Nymph Errant" at the Adelphi, first appeared on the stage in "Vile Bodies," and after performing in the Savoy Follies, played juvenile lead in "Double Harness." Her film work includes parts in two pictures in which Bébé Daniels and Constance Cummings were first screened in England

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

A New Detective at Last

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. VERNON BARTLETT, famous for so long as a broadcaster on international affairs, sprang nimbly into the public eye the other day with a broadcast on Nazi Germany that caused a good deal of fluttering in dovecotes and also in the eyries of the eagles. He has now followed this up by bringing out a book on the same subject, called *Nazi Germany Explained* (Gollancz; 5s.). The publication is certainly well-timed, for it actually appeared on the day of the German elections. It is possible to disagree with some of Mr. Bartlett's views—indeed, the fierier warriors of the smoking-rooms detest him—but it is not possible to dispute his knowledge of post-war international affairs, or his intense sincerity, or his qualification to "explain" what is apparently inexplicable. Mr. Bartlett begins with a sketch of Germany in defeat; the Treaty had been made; the Blockade was still starving the population; the prisoners of war were still prisoners; and the invincible army had been overthrown. All that was hard enough to endure. But the Inflation was still to come, which wiped out the middle-classes by sheer starvation. Germany was gradually forced into a state of hopeless despair. Then came Hitler, and with him came Hope. Hope of what? Nobody seems to know. "The mass of people in Germany to-day do not worry about explanations. They are just contented to be enthusiastic." Mr. Bartlett is emphatic that Nazi-ism cannot be considered in a rational, common-sense way, because it is a movement of religious revivalism, of national hysteria. At present there seems to be no constructive policy except a purification of the "Aryan" race by the expulsion of the Jews. The immediate future of the German people is probably the most important problem that faces Europe to-day, and no one who wants to understand that problem and to talk about it wisely and learnedly over the walnuts, can afford to miss Mr. Bartlett's book. It is far and away the most interesting and lucid explanation of a strange phenomenon that has yet appeared.

I WAS under the impression that every conceivable variety of detective had been created and used over and over again in the truly alarming torrent of detective-novels that still pours from the presses. But I must confess that Mr. W. A. Darlington has slipped a new one across me in the person of Mr. Cronk (*Mr. Cronk's Cases*, Jenkins; 7s. 6d.). This gentleman was a dried-up, wizened solicitor's clerk, well into the fifties, possessing no assets in the world except a passion for criminology and a remote cousin Kate. Suddenly the latter died and left Mr. Cronk enough money to pursue the former. He resigned from the solicitor's office and set up as a private detective. It was harder work than he had anticipated. His disguises were painfully obvious, his efforts to practise "shadowing" were lamentable failures; and small boys followed him about the roads and invented bogus clues to amuse him. But at last the luck turned and, after falling head-first into every trap that was set for him, Mr. Cronk blundered upon the missing emeralds. From that moment he could do nothing wrong. Or, rather, he did everything consistently wrong, but by some ingenious twist of the story every time things came out right, until at last even Scotland Yard began to think that the shy, clumsy little creature must be a perfect wizard. Case after case is handled by Mr. Cronk with such ineffable stupidity that everyone stands round in awe-stricken silence at the mysterious methods of this super-sleuth. Mr. Darlington's remarkable exploit in creating this new type of detective is well supported by his easy and amusing style of writing, and the skilfulness of the "twists" in the stories. *Mr. Cronk's Cases* is great fun.

Howard Coster

John North

as an author, has already several novels to his credit, and whose latest story, "A Shade Byronic," has just been published by Jarrolds

WHAT with Mr. Peter Fleming dashing into wildest Brazil and remotest Manchuria, and Mr. Robert Byron penetrating into Tibet, it is difficult to see why the rising generation can be so glibly written off as unadventurous. *First Russia, then Tibet* (Macmillan; 15s.) is Mr. Byron's record of a journey, beginning in a country "where the moral influence of the Industrial Revolution has found its grim apotheosis," and going on to "the only country on earth where that influence is yet unknown, where even a cat is forbidden to traverse plains flatter than Daytona beach."

Mr. Byron went to Russia, hating the cult of the machine, to see what the machine-enthusiasts had made of their new religion. But it is not very long before Mr. Byron the artist evicts Mr. Byron the sociological student, and we are plunged into the most exquisite descriptions of the Kremlin, that inner citadel of the Holy City, and the twelfth-century churches round Novgorod, and early Russian painting, and the two chief towns of the great, rolling, romantic Ukraine, Kiev and Harkov.

The second part of the book begins with a farewell lunch at the Ritz. Thence, through various places, Mr. Byron journeyed by air to Bale, Aboukir, over Jordan, over Tigris, past Abraham's Ur and Sinbad's Basra, across the Gulf of Oman, over the long mountain-ranges of Baluchistan, and so to India. Then up into the Himalayas, through the woods of rhododendrons and the sound of invisible, eternal waters, up and up, until at last he reached a plateau with a great herd of grazing yaks, and he knew that Tibet had been reached at last. After that Mr. Byron entered the dreary interminable plains of which all travellers in that dismal land have written, and came to Gyantse, where he found a Cockney trade-agent for a non-existent trade, who sang music-hall songs of the Boer War period.

BUT though many travellers have written about the Himalayas and Tibet, I doubt if any have contrived to fill it with so much poetry and colour and mysterious magic as Mr. Byron.

The illustrations in this lovely book are worthy of it. High praise.

WHAT an immense fascination lies in the career of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Books about him are unceasing, and there are always plenty of readers for the books. The man has a romance about him that is shared by very few historical characters. Mr. Grant Francis is a well-known Jacobite authority, and his latest book is *The Romance of the White Rose* (Murray; 18s.). The main interest of it lies in the researches recently made by Mr. Francis into the papers that remained in the Cluny Charter Chest, after the historical documents from the chest had been sold at Sotheby's. Mr. Francis has discovered a lot of new evidence about the famous treasure in louis d'or that was sent from France to Prince Charlie—and was buried for safety at the head of Loch Arkaig. But Mr. Francis is no niggard with his material. Some authors would have written a whole book about a single new document. Mr. Francis begins his story at the very beginning, with the birth of James II. in 1633, and carries it through the Revolution of 1688, the immortal story of Claverhouse, the peculiar conduct of Marlborough (once called treachery, but recently explained and whitewashed), the efforts of Gordon of Glenbuchat in 1715, up to the 'Forty-five itself. Except for an implicit reliance on the works of the miserable Andrew Lang, Mr. Francis is to be commended for a scholarly book.

At the Sign of "The Red Wagon"

The Film Version of Lady Eleanor Smith's Circus-Life Novel

Right: Raquel Torres came over to England a month or two back to play the lead in the B.I.P. film version of "Red Wagon." Last week she went back to America, but she will be here again by December 6th, when the première of the film takes place at the Regal in aid of the Prince of Wales's Builder Fund of Toc H., and at which H.R.H., as the Patron of Toc H., will be the guest of honour. Over £9000 has already been received for the Fund by the bursar of Toc H. The cast of "Red Wagon" is an extremely good one, and by all accounts the film is well up to the new standard that has been set for English productions

Raquel Torres as Sheba, the Circus-Owner's Gipsy Wife

On the left is Paul Graetz, a pupil of Reinhardt's, who gives s superb performance as Maxie Schultz, the old circus-owner. On the right is Charles Bickford as Joe Prince, Schultz's successor as circus-owner, with Sheba (Raquel Torres), and the tiger-woman of the circus (Greta Nissen)

Going Out

"The Bystander"

THE Christmas shopping season is fast approaching. I was reminded of this by meeting Lord Michelham in the Strand: he had just come out of his bank. "Times are bad," he exclaimed. "I'm just in London to pick up a few bargains in presents, before the real rush starts." So his many friends can wait in pleasant anticipation of what they are about to receive.

A SHOW which should have attracted more Mayfairers than it did was the Croydon Cat Club's Show. There was one cat, Lotus Lucine, exhibited by Mrs. Cattermole, of Brixton, to see which alone was worth a visit. The International Poultry, Pigeon, and Rabbit Show at the Crystal Palace was another event which makes one realise how puny are its representatives which hang in a fishmonger's shop.

HAVING recently been asked my advice about a forthcoming Charity Ball, I suggested as a title for the pageant, procession, mime, or court, "Great Courtesans of the Past, depicted by Those of the Present." This was unanimously voted against by the senior committee, but on a showing of hands from the Young People's Committee, it was carried *nem. con.* The cast will be announced in due course. I think that Miss Pamela Frankau should assist on Charity Ball Committees. Her sense of humour is well advanced, judging by *A Manual of Modern Manners*. This is obviously the letter to write in all circumstances after a party, when there has been "an incident":

No prefix.

"I don't suppose you will read this, let alone answer it. . . . It is just to say that I know I can't be forgiven. . . . I don't attempt to excuse myself. But I want you to know that you are the last person in the world whom I should wish to think of me as you must be thinking this morning."

With the approach of the Hunt Ball season, a copy of this should always be kept handy.

IN the theatrical world the Brontës have been at it again; this time at the Embassy Theatre. With Henry VIII., they seem to enjoy almost a monopoly of theatre-land; there is a scheme to depict what might have happened had these sisters been Henry's wives. One thing is certain, he would have had his ears boxed by Emily. At the Playhouse, the late Mrs. Meyrick's peeress daughters sat in a box and watched *Night Club Queen* on its opening night.

THE duel scene in *The Tudor Wench*, at the Alhambra, is sure to prove an attraction. The play moved there from the Embassy Theatre on Thursday night, which was the opening night of *Please*, at the Savoy. "We must go and see dear 'Bee,'" said Mayfair, for Beatrice Lillie is quite justly one of its goddesses. Miss Olga Lynn had rushed in from the banqueting-room of the hotel, where the Musicians' Benevolent Society dinner was being held, with Noel Coward in the chair. She was so anxious not to miss the little ballet staged by Alanova: it came just after the interval, when, of course, a lot of the "bar-boy" members of the audience were still engaged. No week is complete without a mention of "Les Girls"—two were there, Betty Sundmark, escorted by Mr. Terry Weldon, and Evelyn Crowell, the nicest of them all. Mrs. John Goodenday enjoyed an iced drink in the interval, retaining her seat in the stalls; Mr. Goodenday remained beside her and ate an ice. Regret that, apart from "dear 'Bee,'" there was little of interest in the revue.

THE Ritz was the scene of two parties—one given by Lady Poulett for her daughter, Lady Bridget, and the other by the Aga Khan. Prince George attended the former, as did Lord

Marrying and Married

Above, left: Viscount Long of Wraxall and Miss Laura Charteris, the second daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Wemyss, were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Above, right: Captain Ronald Johnston, Seaforth Highlanders, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. J. Johnston, of Lesmurdie, Elgin, and Miss Hermione Gray, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Clive Gray, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their wedding

Left: Lord and Lady Grenfell photographed at Bridge House, near Winchester, where they live. They were married last year, and have a daughter, Caroline, who was christened about six weeks ago. Lady Grenfell was Miss Betty Shaugnessy

Photo by Bassano

to Goings-On in Society

Portarlington, who also attended the latter. Lady Stanley also came, and then moved on to the Dorchester to entertain the Duke of York at the Red Cross Ball. The real fun of that evening was to be had at the Albert Hall, where Lady Malcolm had organised the Servants' Ball: about five thousand of them had a rare revel in fancy dress, when a great many from "upstairs" fraternised with those from "downstairs."

THE *Richard of Bordeaux* party at the Carlton was similar to all parties when scores of stage stars get together—not very much happens. To an audience of two hundred, John Gielgud successfully praised the co-hosts, Bronson Albery and Howard Wyndham, while Gladys Cooper, Sir Nigel Playfair, and Sir Gerald du Maurier nodded approval.

FROM Melton this week I have little news: we shall have to wait for the party season to open, when there are sure to be some sporting incidents. Miss Nina Pearson, American blonde, has been staying at Craven Lodge, and sold "pah-pies" on Armistice Day.

MR. CHRISTOPHER STONE and his wife gave a "little informal" at the Monseigneur to celebrate their silver wedding and, I expect, his success as a compère of gramophone records, too. All the "hot rhythm" lads were there—Henry Hall, Harry Roy, Ambrose, Jack Harris, and Caroll Gibbons—they played "Night and Day," I should think, as they have never heard it played before! Three hundred guests cheered "Uncle Christopher" when he conducted.

THE Jack Courtaulds gave a musical party on Wednesday night at their house in Grosvenor Square. Sybil Crawley sang in the lovely tapestry-room: she has had a great success at Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic and, previously, in the spring, at Monte Carlo. Lady Aline Vivian, who is Lord Portarlington's sister, was actually thinking otherwise than of fishing—she is the keenest angler in the world. Mme. Conchita Supervia looked radiantly impressive, as she does on the concert-platform. Lady Cory, for once, attended a musical party other than her own; Lady Mount Temple, for a change, wore green. Mr. Francis Toye arrived rather late. "A pity you missed the Fauré," one murmured. "My dear boy, I've just been listening to Weingartner at the Queen's Hall," was the reply. In the same house, the next night, Mrs. Courtauld gave a film-party in aid of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology. This does excellent work in guiding young people into the right jobs: it is no use being a miner if Nature meant one for a steeplejack or a clergyman.

THE Regency party given by Lady Dunn at Norwich House gave us all a chance to visit Mr. Nathan for fancy dress. Most of the male guests had been content to visit their tailors instead; however, the women looked lovely, especially the hostess, Lady Diana Cooper, and Mrs. Armstrong Jones. Sir James Dunn made no attempt to disguise himself, and a rumour that Mr. Claude Leigh was coming as "The Scarlet Pimpernel" soon proved unfounded. Lord Beaverbrook had announced his intention of coming, of course as Napoleon. But as the evening wore on, there was no sign of Napoleon—only a Duke of Wellington waiting for an encounter. Lady Castlerosse was sent off to fetch him, but she never returned, and one must presume that Napoleon, like Achilles, just "sulked in his tent." Perhaps he thought he would meet his Waterloo. Mrs. Redmond McGrath's daughter, Miss Daphne Kingsmill, seems to be one of the brighter and more intelligent of the younger generation: she does not look as bored with life as they mostly do.

MR. PEEPS

Cheltenham Cavalcade

Above, left: Viscount Garmoyle, Earl Cairns' elder son, who is in the Rifle Brigade, walking round with Miss P. Gibson Watt

Above, right: Earl St. Aldwyn, who has a place down in Gloucestershire, and came of age last month, is with Miss Judy Moss

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wiggin were at the November Meeting at Cheltenham together. They were married last month; Mrs. Wiggin was Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth

Extreme right: the Earl and Countess of Coventry arriving at Cheltenham for the first important steeplechase meeting of the season

"They Were in the Mood—M

Left: Jeanne Stuart is one of the most attractive-looking actresses the London stage can show; she is at the moment playing a very decorative part in Walter Hackett's play, "Afterwards," at the Whitehall Theatre

Below is Miriam Hopkins looking the complete Hollywood syren, glittering and sophisticated. However, in her latest picture, "The Stranger's Return," the film version of Phil Stong's novel, she has a back-to-the-farm part, which she plays extremely well—she can act as well as attract

Below:
Miriam Hopkins

Walter Bird
Jeanne Stuart

Florine McKinney

Left:
Joan Gardner

If anyone wants to see a lovely pair of legs, here they are in this photograph of Joan Gardner. If the said anyone wants to see the girl singing and dancing, he'll have to go to the Palace Theatre, where she is appearing in "Gay Divorce"

Sasha

m—M'm—Just Waiting to be Woo'd, M'm—M'm"

Left: Florine McKinney is one of the young ladies who brighten up the M.-G.-M. studios. She is playing a shared lead with Madge Evans and Una Merkel in a film called "Beauty For Sale," which has been under production lately; it's all about a modern beauty parlour

Sharon Lynn

This demure young person earns her daily bread in Hollywood too. She was in "The Big Broadcast" with Byng Crosby, and since then has been working in "Big Executive." In private life she is Mrs. Benjamin Glazre; her husband is one of Paramount's associate producers

Left:

Thelma Todd

There's humour as well as "come-hither" in Thelma Todd's smile—quite appropriately, because she is a comedy star, and has that sort of a part in "Sitting Pretty," her new film. But, like many a comedian before her, she'd rather do the serious stuff, so she says, if the producers would only let her

A Racing Reverie

Mainly Social

By "Regular"

Mrs. Smith Bingham and Mrs. Pat Dennis caught by the camera at the first day of the Cheltenham Steeplechases meeting

Miss Victoria Fuller and Miss Maude Fuller, two more of the many spectators at the opening of the Cheltenham meeting

AROUND 2 a.m., on the morning after he had broken his record, I had a long interview with Gordon Richards. In that delightfully frank way of his, Gordon told me a number of hitherto unpublished reminiscences, and when, from a long way away, I heard the voice of the Mem Sahib proclaiming that I 'd heard quite enough for one evening (she was obviously under the impression that Gordon was telling me a serial story), I flitted away upstairs with joy in my heart.

How pleased the Editor would be with me. Another scoop for Uncle Regular; that boy's worth his weight in gold. Immediately my head touched the pillow I fell into one of those dreamless sleeps that invariably seem to follow a late evening at the Adelphi, but on the morrow, or perhaps it would be more truthful to say later that morning, when the kindly waiter informed me that it was time to go racing, my mind was a blank, and not one word of the Champion's could I remember. So much for *my* interview with Gordon Richards.

BEFORE it gets too late, let 's look around that crowded ball-room and see what a picture of clean, wholesome, innocent fun it presents. At that large table there is a Thomond party, to celebrate this good horse's victory in the Becher 'Chase. The host, Mr. Jock Whitney, is still in the States, but they seem to be enjoying themselves.

THE Anthonys are always a party in themselves, and to-night they have broken their usual rule and I espy a bottle of champagne on the table. Late in the evening brother Owen sings to us. It is a very moving little song, and one or two leave the room. The following day the Mem confided in me that she thought the man in the cabaret so like the stoutest of the Anthonys.

I SEE Lady Sibell Lygon looking very queenly and inordinately proud of her little sister, Lady Dorothy, who played duets with Sir Richard Sykes. Sir Richard is a very popular and extremely able pianist, and we were all pleased when the band stopped and he played to us instead.

THERE was one rather bad moment when his music was lost, but it was fortunately discovered in a cupboard, with the waiters' "dickies," and all was well.

SIR JOHN GREY, tall, dignified, and every inch a Baronet, lends distinction to the company present, as does Mr. Somerville Tattersall, who is not so tall as Sir John, but greyer and more dignified even than the Baronet.

I SEE Mr. Warner—the Free Fare one, not the cricketer. "Our Ben" has a great reputation for backing winners, and to be able to say, "Ben told me" is almost as smart as to be able to boast "I watched the big race from Hugh's box."

ANOTHER famous backer of horses is Mr. Harris. Joe, according to himself, hasn't had a winning day since before the war. He must have been a very rich man in those days. Mr. Harris is a dancer of the old school, like the brothers Beasley, and his Charleston brought back memories of other days.

BASIL BRISCOE is entertaining a large party, including Mrs. Vandy Beatty. A curious feature of these gatherings is that the women all seem to be taller than the men, and Mrs. Beatty is head and shoulders above her partner.

AND now for a little racing. Most of the excitement on the first day was crowded into the first race, a humble seller, when Gordon did it at last, and we cheered like mad, while on the last day we had to wait for the very last race of all for the big thrill, when one of the biggest gambles of the season was brought off by the agency of a horse a lot of people had never heard of called Jack Grange.

RIDDEN by Steve, who was at the top of his form all the week, and was the life and soul of many a party, the good thing trotted up, and I hope that excellent sportsman, Lord Stalbridge, won a packet.

EARLIER in the day we witnessed as good a bit of riding as we 've seen all the year when Jelliss brought Alluvial along to win the Grosvenor Cup by a head. There has never been a more popular jockey than "Jelly," and everyone was delighted at his success.

IT was a great race, though there was a lot of bumping at the bend, and the hot favourite, Stalky, was almost brought down. Ole King Sole, admirably ridden by Steve, put up a great fight. Mrs. Arthur Eliot had come to see him run. A friend asked why she wore an M.C.C. tie, and I was able to inform her that these were her racing colours.

APROPOS of absolutely nothing at all, the dirtiest trick an owner or trainer can do is to get a jockey to give a horse a couple of "easy" races, and then, when the animal is fancied, supplant him by some rider they think is more in luck at the moment.

IN the very unlikely event of my ever owning a horse good enough to win, I will guarantee to employ the same jockey irrespective of whether I fancy him or not, always provided he can do the weight.

Still Looking at London

Parties, People and Pictures

They Wore Fancy Dress

Mme. Alanova and the Duke of Marlborough at Lady Dunn's fancy-dress party, where all her guests had to appear in Empire period clothes—and most of them did, although some of the men cheated slightly

They Went to See Beatrice Lillie

M. and Mme. Provatoroff (she was Miss Waveney Carton) were in the very Mayfair audience that went to the Savoy Theatre for the first night of "Please," the new Charlot revue in which Beatrice Lillie appears

They Were at Christopher Stone's Party

Mrs. Fairfax Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Stone's daughter, Mr. Anthony Hornby, and Lady Veronica Hornby at the enormous silver wedding cocktail-party that the Stones gave at the Monseigneur

Swaebe

They Danced to Jack Harris's Music

At the top: Miss Baker, Mr. J. Reid, Miss Vera Selby, and Mr. Dudley Forward at the Monseigneur on the night that Jack Harris's band played there

Above: Mr. Gordon-Lennox, Miss Toto Koopman, Mr. Michael Arlen, and Mrs. Dudley Tooth had supper at the Monseigneur on the same evening

Swaebe

They are the "Harbour Lights" Ball Young Committee

Lady Inchcape gave a party at her Culross Street house last week for the members of the Young Committee of the "Harbour Lights" Ball, which she is organising in aid of the Missions to Seamen. At the back are Miss Knox, Miss Jean Shaw, Miss Mary Arbuthnot, Miss Islay Holland Miss Marie Symons-Jenne, Miss Patty Bevis, the Hon. Nadine Stonor: in front; Miss J. Thornycroft, Miss Jacqueline Daniels, Miss Diana Mills, Lady Inchcape (without a hat), and Miss Joan Bailey

Theory into Practice

Agnes de Mille Demonstrates her Art

AGNES DE MILLE, who arranged the dances and ensembles for *Nymph Errant*, is herself being presented by C. B. Cochran as a solo dancer at the St. Martin's Theatre this afternoon, and also on the 30th in the afternoon. She is only the second solo dancer whom Mr. Cochran has ever presented, Argentina sharing that honour with her. Miss de Mille designs all her own dresses, and takes amazing trouble to get them perfect; for example, the Bulgarian dress she wears for one dance is authentic in every detail—material, colouring, and so forth. She is a niece of Cecil B. de Mille, and a granddaughter of Henry George, the American economist.

Photographs by Janet Jevons

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

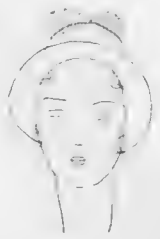
Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

RUMOURS have reached me—and you, too, I expect—that in Paris hats are definitely off the forehead and that, far from them tipping over one or both eyes, the forehead is now conspicuously exposed to the winter cold.

After considerable search I found one of these hats, but didn't like it much because it gave me a spurious Evangeline look which I really thought hardly suitable, so I searched some more and came across a whole bevy of them, some very pretty and becoming provided that you wear some hair on your forehead. A soft angora felt in stone colour with a little scarlet quill to hold in place its turned-back brim was charming for sports wear, and a tucked black velvet bonnet which formed a halo round the face, equally good for the afternoon. A similar model was made exactly like a baby's Dutch bonnet, gathered across the nape of the neck and with a turned-back fold over the top of the head, but added a hint of sophistication to its naïveté by a stiff black veil. When I say "stiff," I do not mean one of those horrid, stiffened-out veils which made us look like meat inside a fly-safe last summer, but one of the new ones which are made of a mesh so thick that it stands away from the face without the aid of any stiffening. Very intriguing. June wears one of these hats with conspicuous success, but I rather fear they require a small-featured, childish face, such as hers, and are not for everybody. Anyway, in hers she looks just like the sweet little Cinderella which she is to play in this year's Manchester pantomime.

THE sketches on this page have just arrived from Paris, and were made by a friend, but a reliable one, so you can judge for yourself whether you prefer your face shadowed or haloed. In the meantime, the two most sensational hats in London are Alanova's képi of twisted sable tails, worn with a black suit which has a cravat and muff of sable, and the Paris gendarme's casque worn by Lady Diana Cooper, a stiff, high-crowned hat, brimless, but with a visor cocked over the right eye and a patent-leather band round it. Lady Pearson, too, wears a tiny cap pulled down on one side, but made of galyac and adorned with a bow of diamonds, rather like a very splendid apache cap. These caps are delightful for those who can wear them, and I know where they, too, can be found. . . . Another type of hat which several of the prettiest young people are wearing is a high, pointed cap, rather like a goblin's, in which Deirdre Balfour looks enchanting.

Bérets, of course, abound, and there's a new model which has recently made its bow in London. It has ospreys crossing in front and is really in the grand tradition. Then the Tyrolean hat, with the pointed crown and wide brim, has found a few enthusiasts—Scott's have got a modified version of this which is excellent. Have you seen their new show-rooms? They 're excellent, too—unobtrusively modern, with pale, putty-colour walls, a touch of lacquer red, pretty chintz curtains and comfortable chairs.



Lady Milbanke, however, flouts all fashionable conventions by wearing what I can only describe as a version of George Robey's bowler, in scarlet, and placed flat on the top of the head. It made her look rather surprised—and me, too. Agnès' little black velvet cinema hat, which allows the back of the hair to show, is a style which you shouldn't miss; it 's becoming, comfortable and smart. So is the Rose Descat sports hat which turns up at the back, down in front, and has three tucks in its crown—a really perfect country hat . . . always one of the most difficult things to find.

Haloes, however, whether achieved by millinery or good works, are definitely *in*. They can be of silver spangle embroidery, of paste embedded in fine tortoiseshell, of jewels or flowers. Marshall's have some charming suggestions for this new fashion, and their clever Miss Hogh will make anything to order to suit both you and your dress. Vasco has a new two-way comb, one to be worn across the top of the head and the other across the nape of the neck. This requires curls, of course, but if your hair is moderately long it looks very pretty.

M. G.

Shoes for all occasions

Which

shall I choose? The sandal with an ankle strap or the court shoe? Both are made of velvet, with satin straps, and can be obtained in black, brown or wine colour. These, and the five pairs of shoes sketched below, are all new season's models from Dolcis

Paul Tanqueray

A NEW type of sandal shoe which is proving very popular has a cut-out instep and can be obtained in satin or silver kid

A COURT shoe of mushroom-coloured kid has a medium height heel and is trimmed with a pleated white bow

FOR town wear this smart, lace-up shoe is suggested; it is elaborately brogued and has a novel method of lacing

TWO shades of tan leather are used in this walking shoe, which has a medium height Cuban heel

and

Coats for the rain...

PERFECT coats for questionable weather are shown on the right. They are both Milwata weatherproofs and therefore absolutely reliable. Both feature contrasting colours, the left-hand one has epaulettes and a storm collar, while the right-hand coat has raglan sleeves and a waterproof scarf collar which can be tied in a bow or knotted like a stock. Beige and navy, and black or red and white, are suggested colour combinations

THE new aprom vamp, attractively sti ched, distinguishas this shoe destined for really hard country wse

Lord Rankeillour, Lady Carr and Sir Stanley Jackson seen at a dinner which was given by Mr. A. H. Ghuznavi, the Moslem leader of Bengal, at the Carlton Hotel, to the India Select Committee

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

AFFAIRS abroad are still of greater interest than affairs at home. The House, of course, had a long week-end off, but, apart from that, it is the Government's foreign policy which is causing them all their trouble, and pushing domestic problems out of the picture. The Pacifists have been making the most of their opportunities, and people who have been amusedly indulgent have suddenly found that their amusement should more properly have been alarm. The Press is in a large measure to blame; the peace-mongers have been stunted at the cost of common sense.

THE three defence Ministers are also culprits. Occasionally a rather apologetic First Lord has warned the country of an under-manned, under-strength Navy, but the Lords Londonderry and Hailsham have been compromisingly silent on the needs of our Army and Air Force. What of the mercurial Sir Philip Sassoon and the martial Mr. Duff-Cooper? But I can't see them goading their masters.

THE Government, although they have not been under heavy fire, have suffered lately from some nasty sniping. It is really rather unfair. What do the snipers expect—that the Cabinet should do the unexpected? Mr. MacDonald has been a splendid Prime Minister of a coalition Government. He has followed precedent. He has held his international conferences in London; he has journeyed to Rome, Paris, and Washington. He has paid homage in all three. Then he has never funked, for the noble cause of world peace, sacrificing some part of our national heritage. Moreover, he has always decently cloaked his Socialist beliefs with a quite delightful Conservative veneer.

NOR has Mr. Baldwin disappointed his admirers. He has played the game without a trace of party interest. Sir John Simon has shown that he is as much at home in Geneva as he is in London, while his gyrations have been the wonder of an alarmed world. He has kept us guessing.

IN Sir Samuel Hoare we have just that figure of sport which one is always surprised to find in an English Cabinet; his skating is almost professional. Lord Irwin's hunting with the hounds is well known.

I DON'T know what the critics want; they are unreasonable. Take Lord Lloyd, for instance. He calls himself a Tory, and rails against the Liberal policy and Socialist measures of the Government. He seems to forget this is a National Government composed of the three great parties of the State, and that the Conservatives, numbering five hundred of the six hundred-odd members of the House, through their leaders, very willingly gave up any rights they had of directing the Government's programme. Then he won't see that, for international reasons, we must be prepared to forsake our individual spirit. He should cultivate the Foreign Office mind. It is calculated to flower in every garden but its own.

LOYALTY has always been the Conservative Party's principal characteristic, and, incidentally, most valuable asset for some of its leaders, who have kept in office solely thereby. Last week there was actually a rumour that the Prime Minister, unnerved at the possibilities of a Conservative revolt, meant to take advantage of his opponents' difficulties and appeal to the country.

THE Socialists are split into acute dissatisfactions, but the rumour was nonsense, of course. Mr. Baldwin, anyhow, is confident he can ride the storm, but out of it all arose the argument as to whether, if the Tory break-away on the National Government side assumed dangerous proportions, there would be an election. Would the King allow Mr. MacDonald to go to the country so long as there was an alternative Prime Minister ready to carry on; and who would be the alternative Prime Minister?

THE National Party Group has not been stifled. It has merely gone underground. It is, in fact, desperately anxious to get something tangible agreed on soon. The Liberal Nationalists, in particular, are uncomfortable. Only Mr. Hore-Belisha smiles his troubles away. But he is safe in Devonport; very different from Mr. Mabane at Huddersfield, or even Lord Elmley, his P.P.S., in Norfolk.

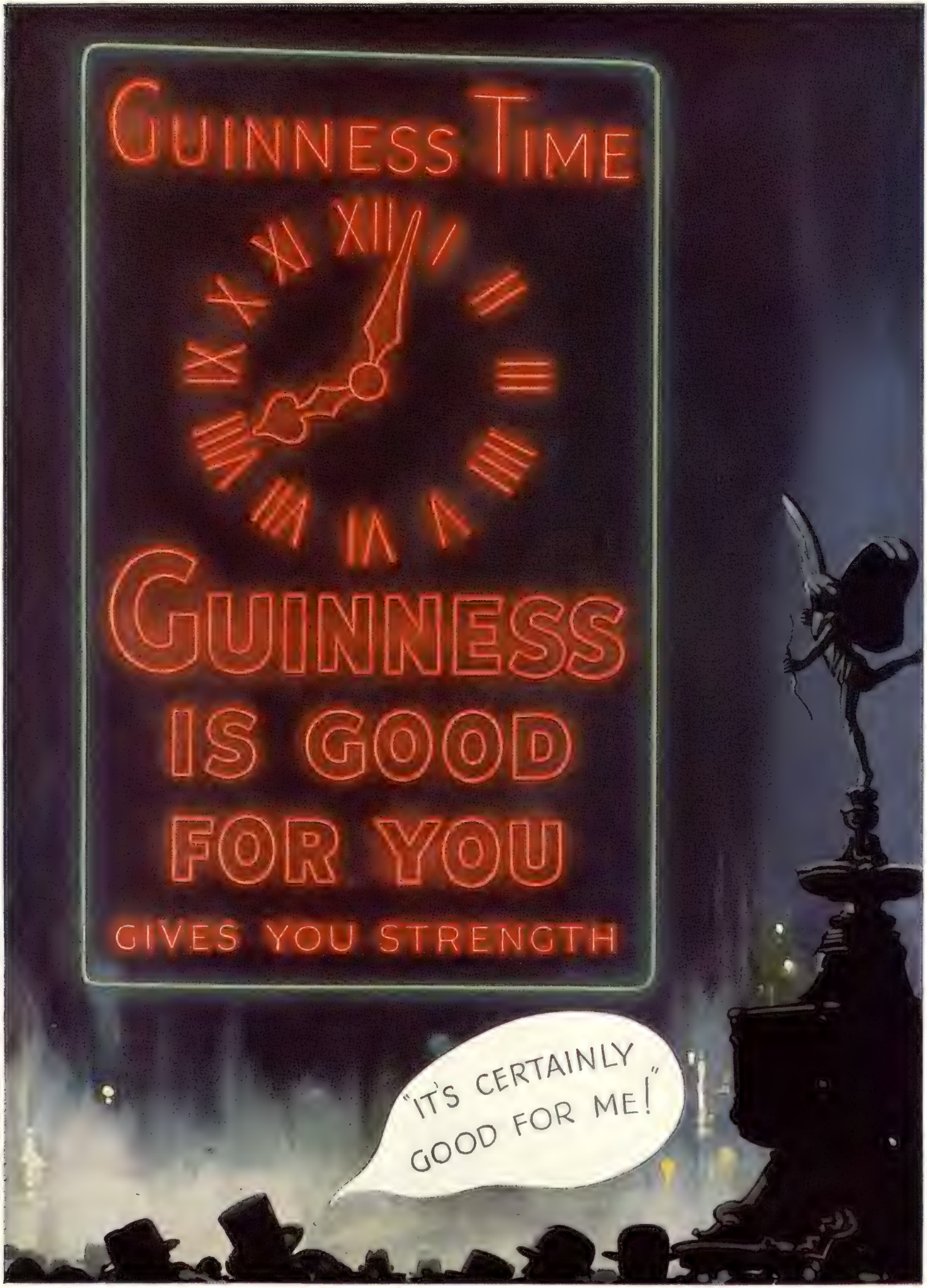
The Marquess of Zetland and Lady Middleton, two more guests at the dinner given by Mr. A. H. Ghuznavi, when the Marquess of Linlithgow was the guest of honour

LORD GREENWOOD'S becoming Treasurer of the Conservative Party is, I suppose, an indication of national unity. But it has not passed uncommented on. It must be a satisfactory position for an ex-Liberal to be offered, but the appointment is one which can hardly be received with hilarious enthusiasm by men who have been Conservatives all their lives, and who have already grown tired of seeing renegades secure preferment to themselves. Lord Greenwood certainly knows the ABC of his own job. Let us hope he makes a success of this new one.

HAVING completed my tour of the constituencies unscathed, in company with David Wilson, the caricaturist, I have one slip of the pen on my conscience. Writing of Mr. Douglas Hacking, the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, I unwittingly endowed the Hon. Member for Chorley with an inheritance nine times too large. Writers of begging letters, and others, will be disappointed to learn that Mr. Hacking's father left his possessions not to his seventh son alone, but to be divided between his wife and his eight children. If my original statement has been the cause of undue embarrassment to Mr. Hacking, I trust he will accept my apologies for the slip.

DUNLOP
DUNLOP
MASTERS

OVERHEARD IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS



G.E. 330

University College, Dublin, beat London University by 26 points to 5 at Motspur Park, New Malden. The picture on the left shows a Dublin player getting the ball on the break-up of a scrum

Below: the Oxford University team beaten by Blackheath by 10 points to 7. The group includes E. L. Phillips, K. C. Burrow, S. L. Waide, P. Cranmer, H. D. B. Lorraine, A. L. Warr, J. McShane, C. F. Grieve, M. F. Peacock, E. S. Nicholson, J. M. C. Almond, M. O. Wray, E. G. S. Mather, H. G. Owen-Smith, and J. B. Bowers (Captain) seated, centre, with ball

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Silly Scaremongering

How the season does draw on, to be sure. And how unfortunate it is that in some quarters an irresponsible tendency towards sensationalism is making capital out of the fact that T. W. Brown has been expelled from the Rugby Union.

I am not concerned here with probing into that unfortunate affair. The Rugby Union were perfectly justified, I have no doubt, in their action, but although Brown acted unwisely, we all of us sympathise with him, and we shall all miss him from the game. He was a great full-back, unobtrusive, quiet, but supremely competent. Do you remember him last year against Ireland—those exquisitely-judged kicks which swerved at the very end of their flight and dropped only a foot over the touch-line?

But, there, Brown has gone, and that is the end of it. What I do resent is the repeated statements which most of us have read to the effect that the Rugby Union game is fighting for its life against professionalism—I actually saw that set down in cold print!—and that there is unrest among the players.

All this is sheer nonsense and scaremongering. Rugby football was never more healthy than it is to-day, and the Rugby Union authorities are not in the slightest degree worried by the alleged professional menace. There have always been defections from the amateur to the professional ranks, ever since the Northern Union broke away on the question of payment for broken time in 1893. It is only natural that if a man is out of work or desperately hard up he should be prepared to capitalise his skill at Rugby football, and no Rugby Unionist would blame him. All the Rugby Unionist cares about is that those of his companions who are forced by circumstance to turn professional should be given a square deal by their employers, and that is the end of the matter. The Rugby League game is a fine game: more spectacular than the amateur game, faster, and adapted for men in perfect training. To suggest, though, that it competes in any way with the Rugby Union game is, from the Rugby Union point of view, entirely illogical and absurd.

I must apologise for this outburst, but recent events have made it inevitable. They confirm my belief that the growing popularity of Rugby football, the great stands at Twickenham, the element of commercialism which has crept in since the war are bad for the game, and that the more spectators the Rugby League can divert from Rugby Union grounds, the better it will be for everyone concerned in the long run. A paradoxical and revolutionary statement, perhaps, but it will bear more than a little close consideration.

But enough of this: let us return to the game. On Thursday, Major Stanley takes his team to play Oxford, and an interesting team he has collected. For one thing, he is playing A. L. Novis in the centre, and this is liable to rouse controversy. Novis, I believe, prefers the centre, but the selectors like him on the wing. We shall see what happens, but to my mind, Novis brings to the centre all the qualities which English teams have lacked of late years—speed, cleverness, attacking genius. Then, in Major Stanley's team we find B. C. Gadney and H. Rees at half-back, and I suppose we must regard these two players as the possible England half-backs. Gadney at scrum-half is the obvious choice, but will Rees oust D. Meadows? And C. Slow is coming back into the picture; I saw him play a fine game for Leicester against Cambridge the other day.

What a pity it is, by the way, that the Cambridge pack carries passengers. It may be that this will be remedied during the next week or two, but it is disappointing to see 'Varsity forwards standing about on the fringe of loose scrummages. I dare say this is merely old-fashioned prejudice, but I always hope to see 'Varsity forwards shoving every ounce, and piling into every loose scrummage, and clustering like bees round the ball in the line-out, and applying in general all the solid virtues.

I regret this modernistic tendency to encourage the opportunist back-row man, particularly where Cambridge is concerned, for their attack is impressive. C. W. Jones, the stand-off half, is a small edition of Windsor Lewis, but even quicker through an opening and more nimble and incisive in his running. And R. C. Dick is a fine, upstanding centre; and how exceedingly well K. C. Fyte is playing this year! It seems logical to hope that backs of their calibre will be given their chances, especially from the loose mauls, where quick heeling would surely bring them many tries.

Cambridge have the right spirit. Their defence against Leicester was tremendous, and men like P. B. Coote and B. C. Gadney take a deal of stopping. It was interesting, incidentally, to watch the midfield combination of Leicester—their interpassing, their sudden changes of direction, their mutual understanding and co-operation.

Coote is playing for Major Stanley's team, and he will shake up the Oxford centres, beyond a doubt. And the Oxford forwards will be tested by men like V. J. Pike, G. G. Gregory, D. Thom, W. McRoss, and J. A. Waters, of Scotland. I hear rumours, by the way, of a pair of club half-backs in Scotland who one day will remind the Sassenach of the true glories of the half-back combination.

I have an idea that once more Scotland will prove to be the toughest nut in the International Championship. This is not because Scotland have many outstanding players, but because their team will be intelligently put together. It will be a balanced team: the centres, for example, will not be chosen without reference to the half-backs. There is a tendency nowadays to select teams on the form shown by individuals. Selectors, that is to say, will choose the best stand-off half, irrespective of the type of centres with whom he is to play. It may well be that the most brilliant stand-off half is not the right man to make the most of the available three-quarters; similarly, it is conceivable that the outstanding centres would not fit in with the available stand-off half of the requisite international class.

There is no doubt that we have, in late years, thought too much of individual excellence, and too little of combined teamwork. That may seem a platitudinous point to make, but it means jerking your mind round to a new angle of approach. Scotland found that angle of approach last year, and went unbeaten through the Championship. Unless we are careful, they will do so again.

Cross-Country Racing at Oxford

The Oxford University cross-country team competed against the Orion Harriers and beat them by 19 points to 36. The picture above shows the start from the Iffley Road

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

BLINKING through a sudden attack of influenza—does anything really matter?—I note that Jack Petersen is to risk his heavy-weight crown against Len Harvey, the most persistent of challengers, who has held the British middle-weight crown, and is now light heavy-weight champion.

Mr. Jeff Dickson, astute promoter, set telephone wires humming, and secured the match in face of determined opposition by offering the boys £4000. I hope he will be repaid for his daring. Anyway, put the date down in diary: November 30th, Albert Hall.

I SHALL be there, if I am ever anywhere again, but not, I confess, because this fight attracts me enormously. Somehow I have lost interest in Petersen after the shilly-shallying which has been going on about his future opponents. Petersen is a good lad, beyond a doubt, and his advisers are perfectly justified in making the most of the fact. Still, hope deferred maketh the heart grow sick—am I right?—and the public love a champion who will jump into the ring and fight anyone without any fuss and nonsense. Boxing is being killed, in my opinion, by the elaborate diplomacy which makes the arranging of a match between two prominent fighters almost as long-winded and tedious as the Disarmament Conference.

STILL, on November 30th Harvey and Petersen, barring accidents, will meet, and there are those who say that Harvey's great experience, his skill and keenness, will carry him to victory. Like Bob Fitzsimmons, the pride of Cornwall, and exponent of the famous shift, Harvey would then hold middle- and heavy-weight crowns, with the light heavy-weight title chucked in.

That would be an achievement, and as there is very little in weight and height between the two men, Harvey may well pull it off. If he does, the poverty of our supply of heavy-weights will be very thoroughly exposed; can you imagine Harvey tackling a Dempsey, a Tunney, a Carnera, even a Sharkey, with the remotest hope of success?

THIS is really why the bout doesn't appeal to me. I cannot pretend to be excited at the prospect of having Harvey as our heavy-weight champion—whereas, if Petersen wins he will merely have done what we expect of him. Petersen should win: he has at least a punch, and that should settle the issue.

WELL, that's in ten days' time—what of the more immediate future—Saturday, for example, when the Oxford and Cambridge relays take place at

Right: J. J. Pennink (Hon. Sec., O.U.G.S.) and K. A. C. Morrice (Captain, O.U.G.S.). The latter beat Rex Hartley by 4 and 3

Addington Overwhelm Oxford University

Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, mother of the Oxford Captain, and W. L. Hartley (Addington) watching Rex Hartley driving in the foursomes in a match won by the Hartleys by 7 and 6

Bernard Darwin and C. Sweeney, who played for Addington, who both won their singles matches for their club. Oxford lost the foursomes by 3½ to 2½ and the singles by 10 to 2

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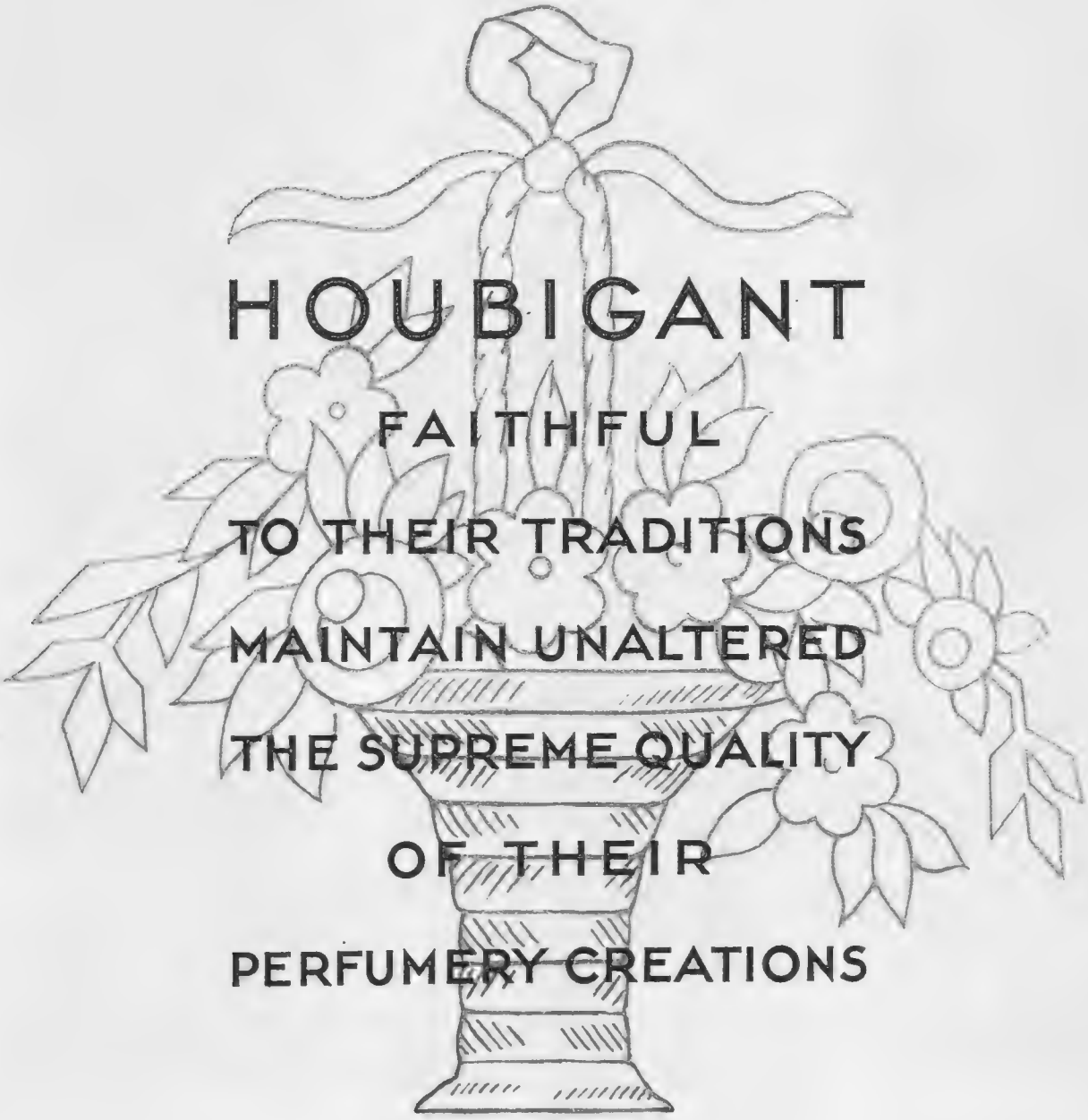

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Sport with the Lid Off

(*Continued from page 382*)

Oxford? An Oxford victory is about due: the last one was in 1925—I forget whether that makes it quite as bad as the Boat Race or not. Anyway, on Saturday Oxford hopes are fairly rosy: if I may prognosticate, I suggest that Oxford will win the four miles (4 × 1 mile), the hurdle races, and, if Lovelock's leg is sufficiently sound, the two miles (4 × 880 yards), which will give them four events out of seven.

It all depends on that two miles, though, and maybe Cambridge will pull it off again.

THEN on Thursday there 's a pleasant family re-union, also at Oxford—Major Stanley's XV. against the 'Varsity, at Iffley Road—regarded by some people as an unofficial trial, but by those who know as Major Stanley's own pet fixture.

It 's true that Major Stanley now has a powerful committee of Old Blues to assist him in his selection—I believe my colleague, Howard Marshall, is one of them—but there 's nothing serious about the general proceedings. If you happen to be in the Clarendon Hotel at Oxford round about lunch time next Thursday, you will understand why successive generations of Oxford Rugby men have known Major Stanley as "Uncle," and how well his genial, somewhat anxious but always resilient personality answers to the nick-name.

I WONDER what Major Stanley would have to say to the latest proposal of the brighter Rugby fanatics—a revival of the Midland League, with a competition on knock-out lines among the clubs just to revive public interest! This is a serious proposal, and, if it matures, I shall know that Rugby football has finally gone to the dogs.

IN the midst of sneezing and shivering fits it is pleasant to see photographs of Douglas Jardine and his men playing cricket in the Indian sunshine. Or is it merely damnably tantalising? Anyway, they are playing pretty well—Townsend is in great form, and so is Jardine himself. And the only really dangerous newcomer to representative cricket they 've run up against yet appears to be Amar Nath, a most effective batsman, and by all accounts a very sound stumper.

Earl Fortescue on his famous hunter, Danny Boy, champion hunter of all England, at the meet of the Quorn at Beeby, near Leicester

STILL more tantalising thoughts: a lady, fishing one of my favourite swims on the Hampshire Avon, has actually landed a perch weighing, in the presence of accredited witnesses, the monster weight of four pounds.

I congratulate her, restraining as best I may, the envy in my voice, for this is truly a noble fish, the largest they have recorded in that stretch of the river, and one of the largest ever brought to bank. And what a worthy fighter he must have been, this gargantuan perch, with his great red sail of a dorsal fin, and that broad tail like a stoker's shovel, and his indomitable spirit. I can see him now, circling upwards through the clear, swift water, plunging for that sunken stump, and perhaps with him, as often happens, a companion perch, a strange, ghostly partner in the fight.

And to think how often my paternoster has sunk in that very spot; how often that great perch has, without doubt, inspected my minnow: how often he has smiled condescendingly at my clumsiness. It serves him right, perhaps, that at last he should fall, as many good men before him have fallen, to a lady's lure.

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Mr. Rabbit and His Clubs

RECENTLY, in the writings of certain well-known golf correspondents, I have noticed a certain agitation in support of the proposal to limit the number of clubs with which a golfer may burden his caddie. This idea was, I think, first suggested by Sir Guy Campbell, for whose opinions I have normally the very greatest respect. He has a staunch supporter in Henry Longhurst, and others also appear to agree with the view that too many golf clubs are carried by golfers at the present time.

I realise that in writing as I propose to write to-day I may be starting up something which I may find difficult to control a little later on, so I will preface my remarks by stating that I have a sneaking sympathy for Guy Campbell's views. I suppose that the number of clubs carried by certain golfers in the championships this year has definitely been on the excessive side, but, on the other hand, I am very much against interference with the liberty of the subject, whether he be a golfer or just a man who wants a drink. So here goes.

IN the first place, I consider that all legislation regarding golf should be legislation for the benefit of the rabbit rather than for the tiger. Quite honestly, I do not think that the first-class golfer comes into the argument at all concerning the architecture of golf-courses or the implements which a golfer may use. As I have frequently stated on this page in the past, the backbone of all golf-clubs in the country is the man whose handicap is in double figures, and it is he whom it is necessary to please. Quite apart from this, surely any game belongs to that handicap class which forms the greatest number. It seems to me that the first-class player is the sort of little idol to whom the bad player looks up and regards, perhaps, as his hero. I do not think, however, that the game should be spoilt for the worshipper merely for the convenience of the worshipped, and I contend that if you limit the number of clubs which a player may use on the links during his rounds, you are, at the same time, definitely limiting the enjoyment which the bad golfer may derive from his game.

It is perfectly true—as I notice Henry Longhurst recently pointed out in the *Evening Standard*—that the first-class golfer may find, when using a great battery of clubs, that he has lost variety, which, as my friend very rightly points out, is the spice of the game. Listen to what he says: "He will have lost the sense of judgment as to how hard to hit, whether to play a low or a high shot, and so on; and the expression, 'I hit it too hard,' will have given place to 'I had the wrong club,' or, worse still, to 'I was given the wrong club.'" I agree with Henry Longhurst that the first-class golfer might get more out of the game if he were limited in his choice of clubs, and therefore had to play half shots at times and generally bring out what skill is in him. But, on the other hand, think of the poor handicap player! The game of golf is irritating enough for the rabbit, without adding further difficulties. His minor triumphs are as great to him as is the shattering of a course record to the tiger. Nobody, perhaps, ever knows of the rabbit's triumphs, excepting, possibly, his wife, who anxiously notes his expression on his return from the golf-course and is relieved to know that, after all, the evening is going to be a pleasant one. But that makes a lot of difference to the wife, and it makes a lot of difference to Mr. Rabbit himself, and if a whole "battery of clubs" is going to make it easier for the rabbit more often to have his triumphs, then let him have all the clubs that he can fit into a bag, say I; let him have everything that will make the game easy for him, and for goodness sake, avoid interfering with his pleasure!

I SUPPOSE that Guy Campbell will retort that when he first suggested his plan he never intended that the pleasures of the rabbit should be limited. If he is going to say that his plan is only to limit the number of clubs which a golfer may take out during a championship round, then I will have to reconsider my thoughts and, quite possibly, I shall agree with him. If, however, he is going to say that the number of clubs carried by the golfer should be limited in all competitions, including club events, then I am definitely against him, because here again Mr. Rabbit is going to suffer. I do think that the present tendency in golf architecture, no less than in other forms of golf legislation, is to make things more difficult for the tiger, and thus practically impossible for the rabbit. I am all against this.

It will be seen that I have presumed that the larger number of clubs will help the bad player, or, in other words, that a full modern matched set is easier to play with than the variegated and far less numerous implements which were used by our fathers on the links. This is definitely my opinion, and I can clinch it by remarking that I think, in view of all the difficulties with which they had to contend, that our fathers were better golfers than we ourselves are to-day, with, of course, one or two very notable exceptions. This, to my mind, is proved very conclusively by the success of what we are prepared to call the "veterans," particularly in the big events of this present year, for these "veterans" certainly learnt their golf with very much less to help them than we have to-day, and this thought opens up a new idea which I humbly offer to Guy Campbell. Why not have a competition — just for fun—in which the number of strokes conceded by the scratch golfer to the eighteen-handicap golfer is vastly reduced, but in which the scratch golfer is very limited as to clubs and the eighteen-handicap player can take out all that he can find in the club-house if he wants to? I repeat —only for fun.

Left: J. Burrell, Major G. F. Carr, and Major B. G. Anthoniez. Below, left: D. H. Gibson, A. G. Peart, R. C. Laughton, and E. L. H. Smith. Below, centre: J. C. Hubbard (handicap 4), who won the Cup, and G. T. Eagleton. Below, right: Major Beddoes and Captain Anderson

The Royal Naval College Club Golf Tournament at the Royal Blackheath Golf Club

NOVEMBER, 1933

21st to 30th inclusive

21st **Racing.** Warwick Meeting.
Amateur Boxing. Polytechnic B.C., Stadium Club.
Billiards. Licensed Victuallers Tournament to December 1st, Afternoons, Soho Sq., London.
Shows. Ladies' Kennel Club Show, Olympia

22nd **Racing.** Warwick Meeting.
Hockey. Aldershot Command v. United Hospitals.
Amateur Boxing. Metropolitan Police "L" Division A.C., Camberwell. Royal Navy and Royal Marines v. Cambridge University, Portsmouth.
Rugby (Union). Royal Navy v. Devon. Plymouth.
Rugby (Northern League). London Highfield v. Australia, White City.

23rd **Racing.** Manchester Meeting.
Ice Hockey. Cambridge University v. Streatham.

24th **Racing.** Manchester Meeting. Lingfield Park Steeplechases.
Amateur Boxing. Civil Service B.C., Stadium Club.
Shows. Cage Birds Show, Norwich.

25th **Racing.** Manchester Meeting. Lingfield Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Birmingham Cattle Show opens. Cage Birds Show, Norwich. International Cycle & Motor Cycle Show, Olympia.
Ice Hockey. Lancashire v. Queen's Warwickshire v. Oxford University.
Amateur Boxing. Amersham and District A.B. & A.S.S
Hockey. Aldershot Command v. Poole. Wimbledon v R.E. Blackheath v. Mid-Surrey.
Rugby (Union). Leicestershire v. Warwickshire. Upper Clapton v. Brighton. Burton v. Nottingham.
Assoc. Football. Tottenham H. v. Derby Co. West Ham v. Southampton. Bolton W. v. Port Vale.
Rugby (Northern League). Broughton v. Australia.
Athletics. Oxford v. Cambridge, Relay Race.

27th **Racing.** Birmingham Stplchs.
Shows. Birmingham Cattle Show. International Cycle and Motor Cycle Show.
Amateur Boxing. Old Goldsmiths B. & A.C., New Cross Baths.
Ice Hockey. Streatham v. Grosvenor House Canadians.

28th **Racing.** Birmingham Stplchs.
Shows. Birmingham Cattle Show. Royal Horticultural Society, Royal Horticultural Hall

29th **Racing.** Newbury Stplchs.
Shows. Birmingham Cattle Show.
Assoc. Football. Scotland v. Austria, Glasgow
Rugby (Union). Surrey v. Eastern Counties.
Amateur Boxing. R.A.F. v. The Navy, Portsmouth.
Rugby (Northern League). Leeds v. Australia.
Hockey. Aldershot Command v. University of London

30th **St. Andrew's Day.**
Racing. Newbury Stplchs
Shows. Birmingham Cattle Show. Carnation Show, Royal Horticultural Hall.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

The Last Open Meeting of the Season

"Golf Illustrated" Ladies Challenge Cup

Top: Mrs. Coats, the winner of the Scratch Challenge Trophy, and Mrs. Clarke, last year's winner; centre, Miss Betty Roberts Harris and Miss Lewin playing the ninth hole; below, Miss M. F. Sanderson and Lady Rosebery. The Tournament was played at Ashridge

DEAR BYSTANDER,

So that is that! I have been to the last open meeting of 1933, and suppose I might sit down now, think over the season, and give you my profound conclusions thereon. But I know you will want them all over again for the last week of the year, and do it twice I will not. Do you remember how Oliver Wendell Holmes says that trying to finish off anything is like trying to pour the last drops of honey out of a jar? One rather expects the last meeting of the golf season to be like that. Instead, the *Golf Illustrated* Cup really was quite a brilliant affair, even if there were not quite so many stars shining as at things earlier in the year. That, of course, was just as well, with the short daylight. On the other hand, one really does feel sorry for everybody who could not compete, because the competition was played at Ashridge. Ashridge is a very beautiful place, and I fancy that, in due time, it will become a famous course.

Probably you chiefly know the name as yet by reason of the Bonar Law College, where Conservatives, young and old, go to learn all that can be taught about politics. I believe that they have a remarkably interesting time there, and if, as I presume, they are golfers and have leisure to go and play on the course, they are certainly to be envied.

Never have I seen such beech-trees in such colour. It is the fashion to rave about Surrey commons and Kent woodlands; but if you want either or both, I really would suggest your driving over Northchurch Common, a mile or so beyond Berkhampsted, taking a turn round Ashridge, and then coming back more or less in the direction of Whipsnade. Really, one is tempted to rave about the scenery to the exclusion of the golf, which would be very stupid and unfair both to *Golf Illustrated's* interesting competition and to the very good golf played by the winners.

MRS. GEORGE COATS, since she was runner-up in the Scottish Championship at Cruden Bay, has worked down her L.G.U. handicap to scratch, but without having any particular luck in the big competitions. It looked as if that would be her story at Ashridge, for, in the morning, the putts refused to drop, she found too many of Ashridge's rather sparse bunkers, and could do no better than 83, seven strokes worse than the par of the course. In the afternoon all that was changed. She kept straight down the middle of every fairway, she heard any number of long putts drop (Mrs. Coats never sees them into the hole, her head is down much too long for that); and only one green extracted three from her, which is saying a great deal, for the greens are new. She was, in fact, the embodiment of all the golfing virtues, and the result was 39 out plus 36 home, equals 75, which not only broke the record of the course and the par by one stroke, but also got home by two from Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Joy Winn. Miss Cradock-Hartopp had played remarkably steadily, with a morning 80 and an afternoon 79. She is a very good putter, and a good scorer—I suppose the two things do generally go together—and she is by no means short, which is another useful circumstance. Miss Joy Winn is always there or thereabouts, with card and pencil, and she just turned round Miss Hartopp's figures.

The position at lunch-time was: Mrs. Clarke and Miss Winn leading with 79 apiece; Miss Hartopp and Mrs. Alec Gold, 80 each; Mrs. Coats and Miss Morgan, 83.

MISS MORGAN was hitting the ball beautifully. She was experimenting with one of those lovely clubs that bear the magic legend on them, "Joyce Wethered." I don't think anybody could pick it up without feeling it would make a golfer of them, and Miss Morgan certainly drove beautifully with it. I wonder if you have felt any of those clubs yourself. Usually it is the mere man who is considered with varying weights of irons and just one wretched rack in the corner of the pro's shop may be labelled "Ladies." Miss Wethered will have none of that; she has had the irons forged to her own specifications, with three different weights for the ladies and only two for the men. They really are super clubs, and you can get them from her herself or from any pro.

To return to Miss Morgan. In the morning her putting was not good enough. In the afternoon it certainly improved, with the result that she was out in 38, and had the second best round of the day with 78. I wish she could get her putting right, as I am sure she could if only she would believe it. But she is getting into the attitude of "I putted badly; I always do," and until she shakes that off I suppose she always will. That sounds despairing; I don't mean it that way. I have perfect faith in Miss Morgan's ability to putt well if only she, for her part, could have perfect faith in herself. When she can there will be no stopping her.

THERE were a good many golfers selling, or buying, or contributing things to be sold at the Proverb Fair in Bruton Street, in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. Lady Carisbrooke, of course, is very interested in the splendid work that the P.D.S.A. do for the dogs and horses, and donkeys and cats, and so forth, of people too poor or ignorant to doctor them properly, and the golfers all have very weak spots for animals, as the blindest and deafest might gather if they watched any meeting, say, at Walton Heath or Worplesdon, Wentworth, or Westward Ho!

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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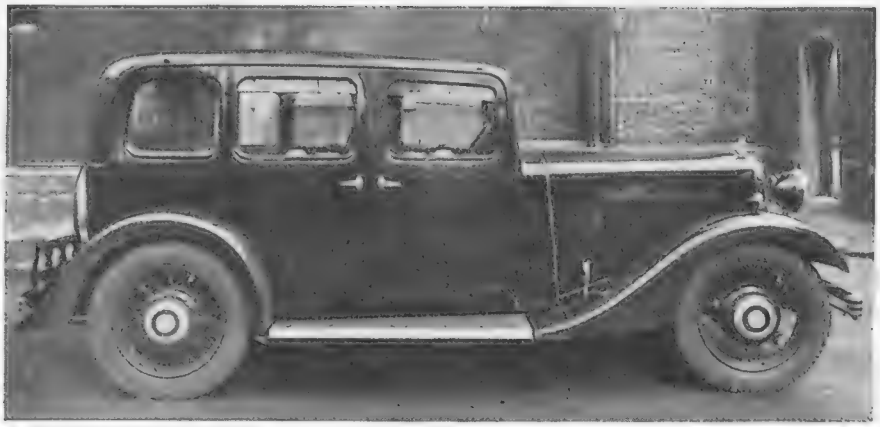
THREE SHILLINGS A BOX



Cars with a Personality

The 15-h.p. Morris-Cowley "Six"

By

The Earl of Cardigan

THE Morris-Cowley "Six" is a car which will provide something of a surprise for Morris enthusiasts whose information is not completely up to date. In size, appearance, and quality, it is much more suggestive of an Oxford than of a Cowley model. Actually, it is designed to supplement, but in no way to supersede, the familiar and ever-popular Morris-Cowley "Four."

The new "Six" is, in every respect, a full-sized motor-car. Its rating of 15 h.p. indicates a car of comfortable proportions—but, in fact, the amount of useful body-space provided must be deemed extremely generous. Moreover, this Morris behaves on the open road quite in the "big car" manner. It sits down very solidly at all speeds, and is singularly free from any trace of small-car "fussiness."

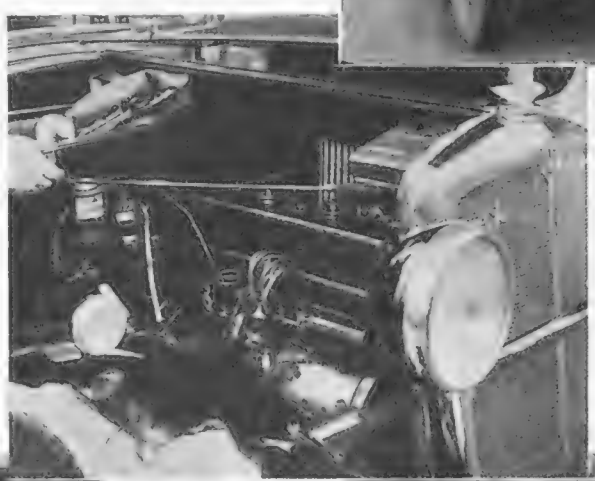
Generally speaking, the coachwork is admirably designed to give spacious accommodation to four or five passengers. There are many good minor features, such as an excellent type of adjustable sun-visor. In regard to the driving position, my only criticisms are that the hand-brake is somewhat distant, and that the propeller-shaft casing leaves no convenient space for the driver's left foot.

As in all Morris cars, the engine is a thoroughly sound and satisfactory unit. It runs exceedingly smoothly, and is remarkable for its silence. At no speed does it betray any sign of vibration, nor does it ever give the impression of excessive "revving." Although it is, perhaps, a bold statement to make on the strength of a single brief test-run, I should credit it with a capacity to function for long periods without losing its "tune" or demanding more than ordinary routine attention.

The new Morris-Cowley "Six" is a large and handsomely proportioned car, although costing only a modest £220

Right: the front view of the new model is distinctly attractive. The radiator is very slightly sloped, and the whole lay-out neat and sturdy

Below: the engine is notable for its silence and smooth running. The tool kit is carried in a very accessible position



SPEAKING of third-gear performance, the new Morris gear-box is deserving of high praise. Third and top gears are engaged by a synchro-mesh device, with the result that no faulty changes can possibly be made. Acceleration in top gear is fair, but not exceptional, so that the "fool-proof" nature of the useful "third" is a real asset. Second gear, judged by ordinary standards, can also be engaged without appreciable difficulty, and is high enough to be of genuine use.

The brakes are of the hydraulic type, and combine power with smoothness, being perfectly progressive in their action. Incidentally, not the least remarkable feature of the Cowley "Six" is its low price. The saloon model, with sliding head, is an exceptionally cheap car at £220 complete.

Left: the coachwork is genuinely spacious. The tallest passenger will find ample head- and leg-room either in the front or back seats

Right: a useful luggage-grid is fitted, which can be raised or lowered in a moment

I base this opinion largely on the apparent ease with which usefully high speeds were maintained. I was able to reach 60 m.p.h. in top gear, without the engine seeming to exert itself unduly. As a cruising speed, 50 m.p.h. proved a very comfortable pace. In third gear, I found 45 m.p.h. obtainable. Some excessive noise, due to valve bounce, would have been excusable after 40 m.p.h. had been exceeded, but I noticed nothing of this sort.

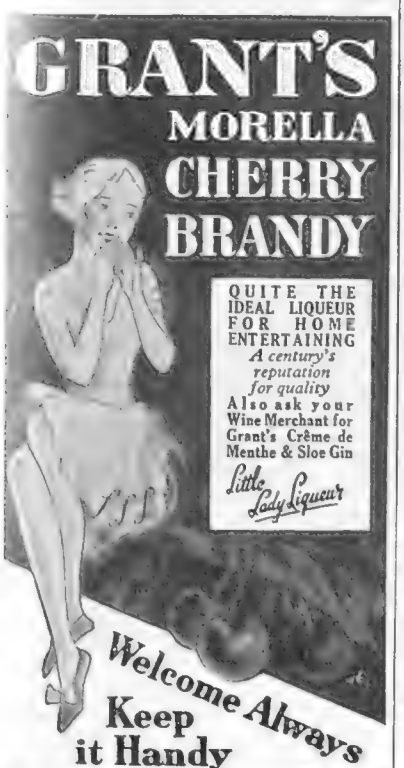
Exchange Winter's grip for Spring's caress

Have done with braving out the unkind, fickle winter. Live happy and carefree in a gentle clime where spring-like days give zest to life and sweet Nature lures to lazy contemplation of surf-fringed seas and skies of clearest blue. Away in the Western Atlantic lie the heaven-blest Bermudas. You will love these sea-girt isles, and Bermuda will welcome you with traditional hospitality, redolent of old colonial days. The round trip, begun and ended by luxurious ocean travel and enlivened by land and water sports, yachting, golf and bathing, enriched by life-long happy memories, will mean new life and health to you. Why not this year?

Bermuda

Isles of Sunshine

For full particulars, write to the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool; Elders and Fyffes, Ltd., 32, Bow Street, W.C.2.; Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., Furness House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.2, or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, W.C.1.



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Perfume of exquisite beauty; the complement of lovely things, of ermine and sables, of shimmering silks and golden tissues, of the lambent fire of gems and the soft splendour of pearls. It is created for fair women wise in the art of gracious living, the love of fine things and a just appreciation of their beauty: To them it is dedicated.

Presentation Model, as illustrated, 16/-. Other sizes 2/6 to 45/-. And the same exquisite perfume is in the Powder 1/9 — Compact 2/6 — Bath Dusting Powder 3/6 — Talc in Glass Bottles 3/6.

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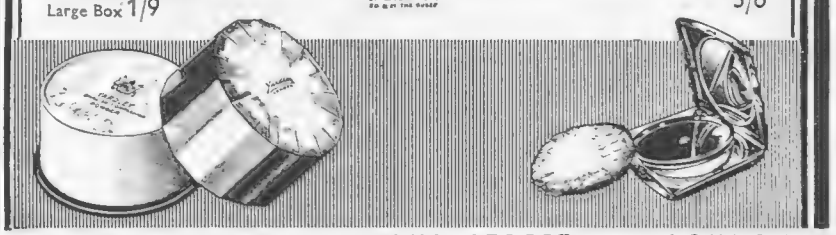

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FINEST OF SCOTCH WHISKIES

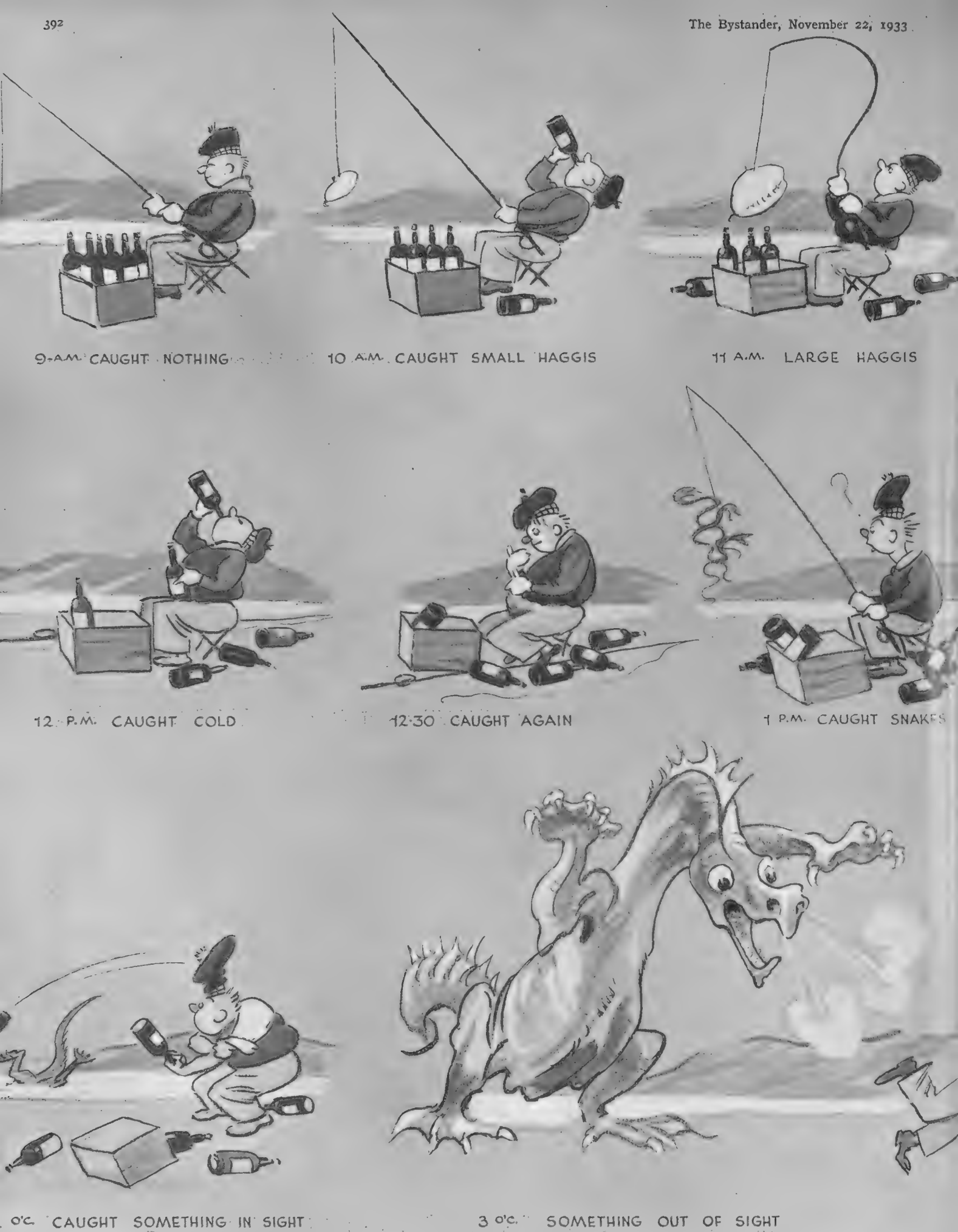
LONG JOHN DISTILLERIES, LTD.
GLASGOW & LONDON

For Backward Children

Growing time is Benger time.

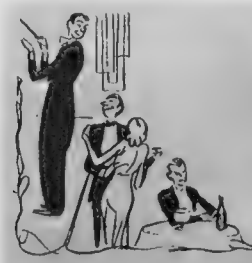
BENGER'S Food

122



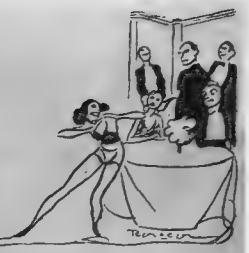
The Truth about the Monster at Loch Ness

Revealed by our Special Artist, H. H. Harris, after a personal visit to the scene



LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret



Compiled for "Bystander" Readers by Comyns Beaumont

HAVING shortly returned from a jaunt, or sojourn, on the Continent, I must sincerely congratulate London, meaning its dance-clubs and restaurants, upon the signs of prosperity and gaiety to be met with in most directions. In Paris I cannot name a single restaurant with any pretensions to chic which can rely upon its patrons to fill the place for more than, say, two nights out of the seven, except in a café chantant like Chez Elle, where people will wait for hours in cramped positions to hear the inimitable Lucienne Boyer sing "Parlez Moi d'Amour," and other of her successes, and pay, what is more, over two-pounds-ten for a bottle of champagne. In London, on the contrary, dozens of smart restaurants of la jeunesse dorée are full every night, where you can find men and women in evening dress, enjoying themselves thoroughly. Certainly there is money about and an air of optimism, to the envy of foreign capitals.

The Embassy Club

THE doyen of London's—and Europe's—dance-clubs is, of course, the famous Embassy, in Old Bond Street, with a decorative scheme of bright green and mirrored walls, flame-pink covers, and pink carpet. Exclusive, yet cosmopolitan, you will see there at any time most of the best-known people in Society, from Royalty onwards through the Peerage to the lions of the hour. Frequently, indeed, it is difficult to obtain a table on the floor for supper unless previously booked, but Gualdi, the popular maître d'hotel, lineal successor of the famous Luigi, who made the Embassy the most fashionable centre in Europe, has a genius for squeezing in members and their guests somehow.

I have often been asked the question: "Why is the Embassy so popular? There are larger and more ornate social clubs, but none with its exclusive reputation." Well, there is the cuisine, and a chef of the club who can tickle the palate of the most fastidious gourmet. Its wines are first-class and not too expensive; and finally, Ambrose and his band provide dance music second to none. With fair women, lovely costumes, Gualdi presiding over the needs of the inner man, and Ambrose to dance to, no one can ask for more.

Embassy (K)nights

Gualdi, who presides over the needs of the inner man, and Ambrose, the dispenser of dance music

Song and Dance at Ciro's

Reda Caire, who sings, and Brigitta and Anton Dolin, who dance for the enjoyment of guests. The two latter artists perform after appearing in "Ballerina"

Maurice Winnick

Leader of the orchestra at Ciro's, a musican high up in the list of first-class conductors

Ciro's Club

CIRO'S is another name to conjure with, and though there are Ciros in Paris and elsewhere, in point of fact there is only the one club, and that is in Orange Street. Everyone, of course, knows Ciro's, with its cocktail-bar and lounge, its ornate restaurant with the silver Epstein-ish reliefs on a brown background, its balconies for those who wish to dine or sup without dressing, its grill-room downstairs, its maîtres d'hôtel, Ferraro and Arri, its well-known barmen, Tom and Joe, who used to run the cocktail-bar downstairs, where everybody forgathered. Personally, I preferred the old bar downstairs to the present one, but that's my fad. At any rate, Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby, who, with Lord Westmorland and a strong committee, run the club socially, have restored its former glories, and the Club has a distinguished membership. At the present moment, Reda Caire, the famous International singer, and Brigitta and Anton Dolin, now appearing in *Ballerina*, at the Gaiety, are dancing special numbers, so the cabaret is first-class. Besides the Club orchestra, Maurice Winnick and his orchestra are there, and Winnick is certainly in the first two or three of dance-band leaders. You must not miss Ciro's extension night on Tuesdays.

The Bon Viveur

TALKING of clubs, another small but intimate dance-club is the Bon Viveur, in East Chapel Street, situated

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at

The Dorchester

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"THE NEW YORK MIDNIGHT FOLLIES"

FROM MONTE CARLO OF 1933

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ALL FAMOUS BROADWAY STARS

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DAILY MIRROR—"They certainly are beautiful and their performance is distinguished for personality and sophistication."

EVENING STANDARD—"From start to finish the entertainment was highly successful."

STAR—"They danced and sang with great charm."

EVENING NEWS—"The beautiful girls in the new show wear a succession of beautiful clothes, and their dancing is the last word in efficiency."

Etc., etc.

MANAGING DIRECTOR FRANCIS TOWLE

Sasha

A scene representing the Bon Viveur Club's Basque country decoration which was staged at the Dorchester on the occasion of the Club's first birthday-party, when the Club premises were too small to accommodate all those who wished to be present

in the heart of Mayfair. This is a small and Bohemian club, which has been very successful since its début about a year ago, with an intriguing decoration scheme to represent a street scene in Provence. The merit of this club, apart from an excellent little dance orchestra, lies in its cuisine, where the chef, Pieranosa, actually cooks everything separately for each individual who lunches or dines, thus living up to its name. The Bon Viveur, managed by Mr. Davico, originally from Turin, now a naturalised Englishman, is intimate and dainty, and has a membership including many well-known persons in society. Its subscription is only two guineas a year. Applicants for membership should write to Mr. Davico.

Quaglino's New Venture

Our artist's impression of Luigi, who will be there to welcome guests when Quaglino opens the Apéritif, in Jermyn Street, on November 28th

Quaglino's Apéritif

FROM these clubs I come now to that very famous young restaurateur, John Quaglino, whose name, I found, possesses a cachet even to the southernmost parts of France. Of Quaglino's Restaurant in Bury Street I am not saying very much now. It is always full, for luncheon, dinner, and supper, because of the personality of "Quag," and his inimitable cuisine and service, where the food becomes a ritual. But Mr. Quaglino thirsts for other fields to conquer, and is shortly opening the Apéritif, round the corner, in Jermyn Street, where was formerly the Grand Vatel, run by Taglioni. The Apéritif is going to be something new to London, similar in many respects to Prunier's in Paris, with a spécialité in the form of oysters, lobsters, moules, shell-fish generally, bonnes-bouches, with one plat du jour, and a silver grill. The decorations of the Apéritif are in coral and grey, with an adroit use of mirrors, separate tables with silver tablecloths, prices moderate, no dance orchestra, plenty of room, for there are two large rooms on the first floor as well, and it will be open Sundays. I expect Quaglino will open up with a big splash and with his popularity and understanding, it is certain the place will be a success. It opens its doors on Tuesday, the 28th, next.

The Café de la Paix

ANOTHER new, or almost new, restaurant is the Café de la Paix, just round the corner from Regent Street, in Swallow Street, formerly known as the Indian Restaurant.

At the Café de la Paix

Joseph Wagstaffe, the American musical-comedy star who is the standing singing dish at this restaurant

I had a dinner there fit for a king the other night, under the watchful eye of the presiding genius, Bruni. It included the following: Whitstable oysters; Coupe Yvette, avec Pailles au Parmesan; Delice de Sole à la Maison (a speciality and with delicious garnishments); Faisan Carême, Salade; Bombe Maison, Friandises. How about that for a dinner costing 10s. 6d.? Ordinarily, luncheon à choix is 4s. 6d., dinner 6s. 6d. or 7s. 6d., supper 10s. 6d. Bruni retains his Anglo-Indian business and serves a large variety of curries and Indian dishes prepared by Madrasi cooks at moderate prices. In the Kasbek Grill, downstairs, are English fare and Indian dishes, and dancing every evening. As a gourmet myself, I say "Go to the Café de la Paix, and if you feel economical, choose one or two dishes only."

The Café itself is gay with saffron walls, amber lighting, and pink upholstery. The dance band of ten, led by Reginald Foresythe, is one of the best in London. Joseph Wagstaffe, the American musical-comedy star, is there to amuse you, and in short, it is the place for a jolly party. By the by,

Famous Restaurateurs

No. 2

Cigolini

CIGOLINI, when he stands in the vast lounge of the Dorchester, his hands behind his back, looks not unlike an amiable owl, and certainly is as shrewd as that bird is said to be. Perhaps he is best known to the world in his association with the Palace Hotel, Biarritz, when Biarritz was the Mecca of all that was elegant and chic, and before it had become too greedy, although M. Cigolini has more than a small claim to fame as manager of the Ritz, Paris, and Claridges, round the corner almost from the great hotel over which he now presides.

At the Palace, Biarritz, he was the père de famille of the English who, when in trouble with the Prefecture or the authorities in any too exuberant a state, used to telephone for him to come to the rescue and bail them out. I believe that Quaglino, when he served moules marinières and bouillabaisse to King Edward at the Palace Hotel, served under Cigolini. At all events, he is one of the most famous hoteliers in the world, and, accordingly, a great diplomatist, whence he has been dubbed "the Ambassador." A humorist—his twinkling eyes laugh kindly with you—a bystander who has seen the foibles of the great in many spheres, his reminiscences, if he wrote and told one-half of what he could reveal, would easily be a best-seller. Long may he welcome guests at the Dorchester.

café de la paix
and windsor grill
lunch 3/6 and 4/6
theatre dinner 6/6
supper
cabaret at midnight, dancing in the restaurant to reginald foresythe's new music from 9 o'clock.
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and his famous Radio Band
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CAFÉ de PARIS
The Inimitable
DOUGLAS BYNG
Billy Gerhardi and his Band
GERRARD 2462

I want to correct an error made in THE BYSTANDER, which stated that Mr. Arthur Eliot, Mr. David Tennant, and Mr. Lafone had taken over this restaurant. They have nothing whatever to do with it, except that they visited the restaurant, knowing a good thing when they see it.

The Monseigneur

THE other evening I dined at the Monseigneur, where

Swaebe

At the Café de Paris

On the left is seen the dancing-floor of the Café de Paris, crowded on the occasion of the St. Andrew's Revels, lately held there. The oval floor here proves an irresistible attraction to dancers

Swaebe

The Café Anglais

Miss Evelyn Spilsbury, daughter of the famous pathologist, photographed at the Café Anglais

congratulate the Monseigneur on having captured Jack Harris and his band, who are now giving the habitués of the restaurant the sort of dance music which compels you to tread the light, fantastic toe. Jack Harris keeps off those awful " hot " numbers, or vocal ones where the singers usually possess untrained and unmelodious Cockney voices. The Monseigneur is definitely in the very front rank of restaurants.

Café de Paris

THE Café de Paris remains the premier supper-dance restaurant in London, assisted by its marvellous double staircase, which shows off a woman and her gown to perfection. One of the great amusements there is to pack in like sardines on the dance floor, because the more distinguished the social status of most people, the more they seem to like being wedged in a swaying mass. However, besides this, Messrs. Poulsen and Stocco cleverly collect the great stars of the cabaret firmament, at the moment having Douglas Byng, who is giving an inimitable performance as Anne of Cleves, the fourth wife of Henry VIII., who is in the news these days. Douglas is alone worth the price of a supper. Gerhardi's band is popular. By the way, there is a dinner-dance at the Café de Paris on Sundays Across the road, at the Café Anglais, now one of the most attractive restaurants with a first-class cuisine, Lew Stone and his band are performing daily, having migrated from the Monseigneur.

Met at the Monseigneur

Ozenda, maître d'hôtel, who can choose a dinner to admiration

the handsome young maître d'hôtel, Ozenda, selected an epicurean repast, and only space forbids my publishing the menu he autographed, but I can recommend his Suprême de Faisan au Triple Orange, a most delicious dish. Ozenda, after acquiring his technique in Paris and Monte Carlo, was at the Ambassadors Club, under Rizzi and, later, Taglioni, in Gerrard Street. Ask him to order you a dinner, and you will not regret it. I

Music at the Monseigneur

The famous Jack Harris, who, with his band, has been captured by the Monseigneur Restaurant, and whose dance music is so quietly rhythmic

The Dorchester

"LES GIRLS," who are rumoured to keep Cartier's so busy, have proved an enormous success at the Dorchester, where tables have to be booked in advance, even to squeeze into the great restaurant. Mr. Clifford Whitley (who is, I believe, in New York at the moment, looking out for new attractions) was clever to get New York's Midnight Follies at the right moment, although they were a huge " go " in Monte Carlo and in Paris. Their vitality and gaiety are infectious, and what with them, Jack Jackson's dance band, and the buzz and hum of S. S. (short for Smart Society), the Dorchester is a palace of perfection for a night's entertainment. Sir Francis Towle, who introduced the first cabaret at the Metropole and was at constant war with the authorities at the time, is to be congratulated upon his latest enterprise. In the background, looking on with cryptic smile, is the great Cigolini ; but that is another story elsewhere. C. B.

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Step out of the swirl of business and catch your breath at Cannes. It's really little more than a step — you can bask in the sun tomorrow if you choose — and the change will do you worlds of good. Play a little golf, spend an evening at the smart Casino, or just laze luxuriously... whatever you choose to do, Cannes offers you, with its sunlight, blue sky and flowers, the perfect formula for rest and pleasure.

LONDON-CANNES in seven hours by the *AIR-FRANCE* planes.
Departure from *LONDON* at 8.20 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.
Departure from Paris at 10.25 a.m.-arrival at *CANNES* at 3.40 p.m.

F. ANDRÉ, Directeur Général

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in providing Suitable Presents for every occasion and to suit every purse, extends over a

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Generations of men and women have learned to depend upon Finnigans when requiring Presents a little different, and we hope in

FUTURE YEARS

that their children and grandchildren will in turn look to Finnigans for Distinctive Presents.

Your enquiries about presents of any description would be esteemed.

17-20, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

A real New-Fashioned Christmas

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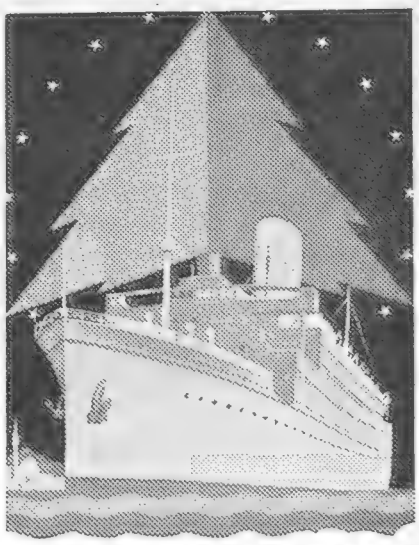
CHRISTMAS CRUISE



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LIMITED TO 400 PASSENGERS ONE SITTING AT MEALS. HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER IN ALL CABINS

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Sport with an Autogiro: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Slow Motion

IT is nearly thirty years since the Wright Brothers made the first flight in a machine which was heavier than air. Pre-war models, a few of which exist as museum pieces, are the oddest contraptions to look at when compared with present-day slickness and streamlining, but we seem to be returning to an age of curious aeroplanes. A few weeks ago, in Belgium, an inventor remained aloft at a height of some 30 feet, in a helicopter that looked rather like the end of an iron bedstead. No fabric was visible, the pilot and his engine being stationed in the middle of the structure, with two horizontal propellers revolving at either end. The latest Autogiro, the only practical machine in the curious class, has passed all preliminary tests with ease, and, in spite of the cynics, may yet prove to be the family saloon of the future. As an air-liner, a freighter, or for operating from water, there are disadvantages in having a rotating wing. In the first two cases, the size of the rotor to lift a weight of many tons would be out of proportion to that of the cabin, and, for a seaplane, there would be constant risk of damage to the blades from the water. The Autogiro type C30 was built in the workshops at Heston. It has a top speed of 120, and can go slow at 15 miles an hour, under full control. It takes off in 12 yards, can climb to 16,000 feet, and will land, when coaxed by a good pilot, in that back garden possessed by all municipal authorities when turning down applications for a local aerodrome, on the plea that the aforesaid back-garden is quite large enough. When we have sufficient aerodromes to make flying worth while for everyone, we shall need plenty of landing space for all the aeroplanes. To revert for a moment to the Autogiro as the "Morris" of the air: it is easy to control, having a throttle and a stick as the only levers. Slow motion is achieved by throttling the engine, after which a landing can be made vertically with complete safety.

Sir Keith Smith, a pioneer of the Australian air route, landing at Cairo from one of Imperial Airways' liners. He and his brother, the late Sir Ross Smith, flew a Vickers Vimy from England to Australia in 1919, taking one month for a journey that has been done recently in one week. A regular Imperial service will be operating the through route some time next year

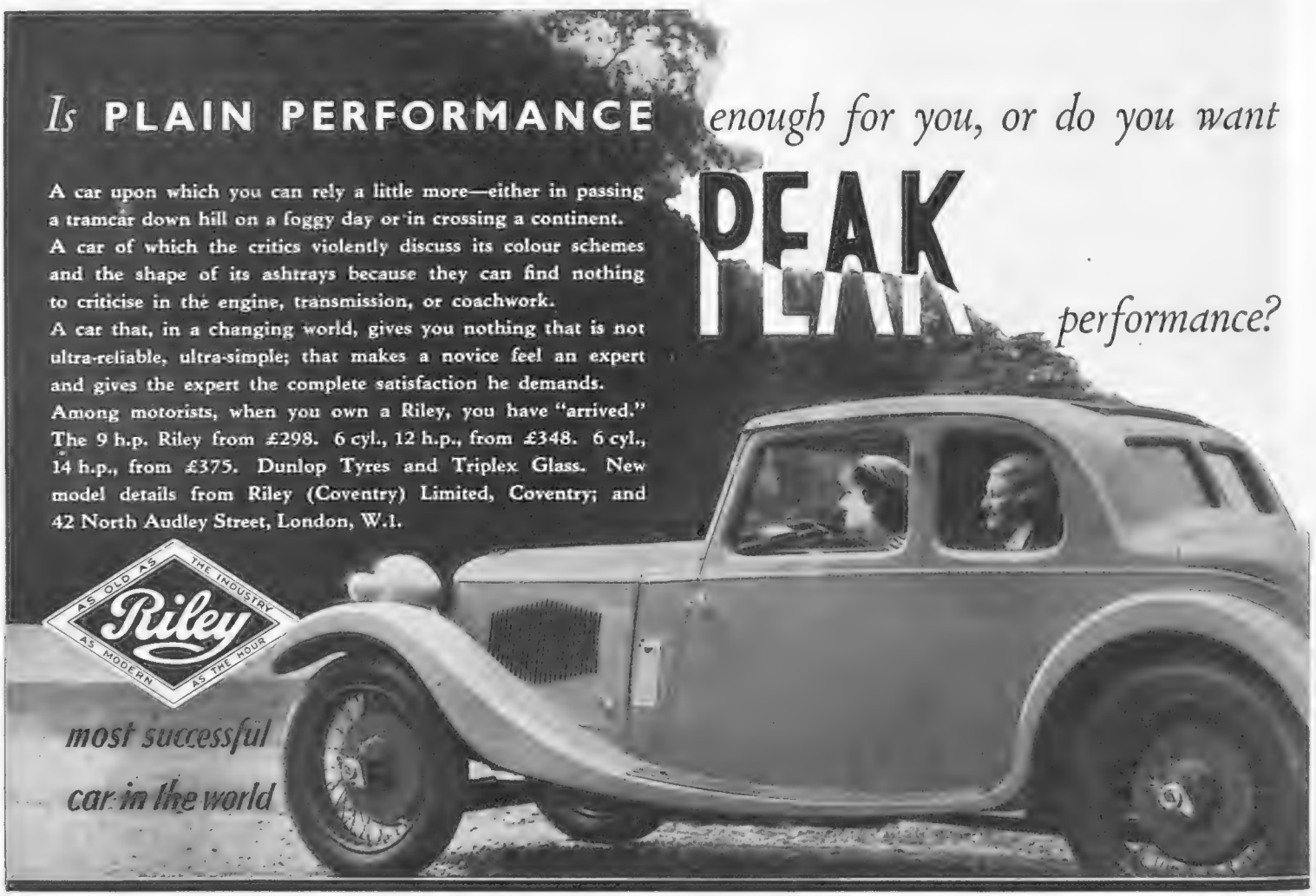
The Silence Over France

FLYING at 6000 feet over the battlefields of France, passengers and crew of the Imperial air-liner Hengist observed the Silence on Armistice Day. At the sound of the first stroke of Big Ben, by wireless, throttles were closed, and 2000 horse-power was subdued to a murmur. People often ask why aeroplanes are not quieter. The answer is that they are, when you travel in them. It is all a matter of decibels, a measurement of noise or vibrations invented by scientists in order that they may invent something else to eliminate the noise. In the cabin of a London-Paris air-liner, less decibels are rung per second than in an express train.

Air News in Brief

MR. LEE MURRAY. the Australian pilot-designer, has arrived in Canada to take over the management of the de Havilland Company at Toronto, where Moths with skis are built. He succeeds Mr. Loader, who started the

(Continued on page iv)



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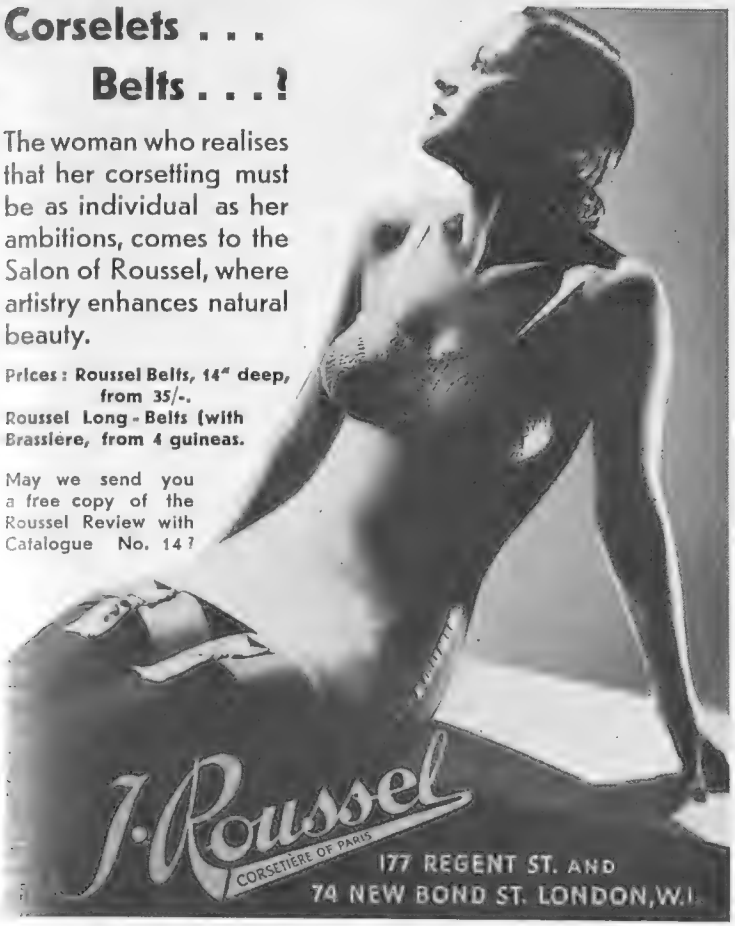
The woman who realises that her corsetting must be as individual as her ambitions, comes to the Salon of Roussel, where artistry enhances natural beauty.

Prices: Roussel Belts, 14" deep, from 35/-.
Roussel Long-Belts (with Brassière, from 4 guineas.

May we send you a free copy of the Roussel Review with Catalogue No. 14?



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I **BELIEVE** that every woman will adore my two new Beauty Boxes.

For the Woman who is going abroad this winter there is my famous Beauty Box, bound in morocco leather and so designed as to hold an adequate supply for many weeks of her own particular choice of my creams, lotions and powder and priced at **four and a half guineas.**

For the Woman who stays at home, I have created my new Beauty Box, which is priced as low as **two guineas;** it is bound in leather and contains eleven of my preparations. Specially designed so that it is easy to pack and to carry, it is the ideal Christmas present this year.

I **BELIEVE** this is going to be a practical Christmas, so I invite all women to come and inspect my interesting range of practical Christmas beauty gifts.

'Phone: *Mayfair 0070* *Sylvia Ironside*

SYLVIA IRONSIDE LTD., 20 BRUTON STREET, W.1

NO ONE WOULD THINK

SHE'S FORTY!

When Mrs. C. produces that great boy of hers, everybody gasps. How can that pretty little woman be old enough to have a son that age? Come to think of it, of course, she must be about forty. But, really, she 's got such a schoolgirl figure and her complexion's so fresh and charming, that one simply never associates her with middle age. How does Mrs. C. manage to keep so young? That 's what her friends want to know. But whenever she 's asked, Mrs. C. just laughs and says, " Eno's ' Fruit Salt '—that 's my secret of youth! "

You see, Mrs. C.'s full name is Mrs. Can. She's one of those sensible people who take Eno every morning. Each day her system is cleansed and her blood purified by its gentle natural action. Poisons never have time to collect and make her look old. How she blesses her daily rule when she looks round among her friends! They include so many Mrs. Can'ts. Dull, weary-eyed women, fighting a losing battle against time. Spending small fortunes on cosmetics—pathetically careful of their outward appearance—tragically careless of cleanliness within. Poor things—if they only knew!

Don't be a Mrs. Can't. Self-neglect can rob you of health, looks—yes, even youth. Take Eno every morning. Nothing can do you more good. It is astonishing how you feel the spirit of youth coursing back into your blood as you take it. It is the one aid which civilised people need—the one aid that can be taken without upsetting nature. For over sixty years Eno has stood the test. Get some to-morrow and take it regularly. You 'll feel a new woman—a radiant and attractive Mrs. Can!

Eno's ' Fruit Salt ' is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d. for the handy size and 2s. 6d. for the double quantity household bottle.

"The "Bystander" Cruise

The last of the twenty "Bystander" Cruise photographs, taken on board the Red Star liner, s.s. Lapland, in which the passenger circled, when he discovers himself, gets a lucky guinea, if he writes in, giving his name and address

The Editor's Box

The 1933 Vintage

The hot summer was, on the whole, of much benefit to the grapes, and wines of excellent quality may be expected from all countries, only the quantity being something below average. The following reports were sent to us by Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of Regent Street, the well-known wine merchants:

PORT.—The 1933 vintage is exceptionally promising; good wine may be expected from both the Upper and Lower Congo, and in the whole Douro Valley grapes gathered were in a most healthy condition.

SHERRY.—The vintage, though not complete when the report was made, was turning out very satisfactorily.

CHAMPAGNE.—The hot, dry weather was excellent for champagne vines, and the 1933 wines should be of the highest quality; in quantity the crops were rather below average.

BORDEAUX.—Fine weather favoured the gathering of the grapes. Some White Wine districts suffered from hailstorms in September, but from those which escaped very good wine is expected. Red Wine growers are satisfied with the quality of the vintage, but here, too, the quantity is lower than usual.

BURGUNDY.—The quality is high but the quantity of wine made is below average, and prices will be high for the 1933 vintage.

COGNAC.—The quality of brandy distilled from 1933 wines will be excellent, and the crop is up to average.

RHINE WINE.—Prospects were promising when reports were made, and wines are likely to be above the average. 1932 wines have developed well.

MADEIRA.—Quantity and quality of the 1933 vintage is equal to that of an average year.

Westminster Hospital

After a hundred years on its present site, Westminster Hospital is to be rebuilt, to meet the ever-increasing demands on its services and space. An excellent site has been found overlooking St. John's Gardens, Westminster, and an optional contract has been secured. In order that this contract shall be taken up and the new building started, £100,000 has to be collected before March 31st of next year. The whole cost of the site and the rebuilding will be £700,000, and of this, £350,000 altogether will have to be found in new money. All donations to the Rebuilding Scheme should be sent to the Treasurers, Westminster Hospital, S.W.1.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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A CURE FOR WRINKLES.

Every Day the Application of Science to the Art of Beauty Culture Produces New and Interesting Phenomena—a Cream which, without Massage, Literally Smooths Out Wrinkles, Partakes of the Miraculous.

MANY, many, many years ago (even "before my time"), there was a best-seller called *Helen's Babies*, in which the main—or at least, surviving—incident was the demand of two doubtless detestable children, when a distracted male surrenders his costly gold watch as a toy. They said, "Want to see w'eels go round." Some despairing adult made vicarious use of this story to entertain or soothe my fractious infant leisure, and though I know I should have detested Helen's babies, I understood that demand. I have what the sententious call "a thirst for knowledge"; I, too, want to see the wheels go round; I want to know "how it is done."

The trouble about the formulæ of beauty preparations is that the better they are the greater the "secret." Naturally, if you have a unique, beautifying preparation, you are not going to invalidate it commercially by telling other people about its ingredients and the process of preparation. Therefore, I am unable to explain the action of the new and much-discussed cream which eradicates wrinkles. I can only report on the results.

MISS CYNTHIA STAFFORD has made a study of Beauty Culture for many years and her tonic cleansing-cream and "Memphis" skin-food are well-known, but the "Wrinkola" cream is definitely something different. It is, to all appearances, an ordinary face-cream, smooth and cooling, and can be applied without anxiety to the most delicate skins. It is a night cream, and should be spread evenly over the face and neck, without massage, and left to do its work. Its effect is to tighten and restore flaccid skin and smooth out wrinkles. Results are visible within forty-eight hours, and a short course will effect, appreciably, rejuvenation. It is advisable to use the "Memphis" skin-food for two or three nights before beginning the "Wrinkola" treatment, in order to prepare and condition the skin, and subsequently the skin food can be used, advantageously, two or three times a week, and the "Wrinkola" applied on other nights.

Women who have used this cream are unanimous in praise of its extraordinary effect. They say that, almost immediately, wrinkles begin to disappear, and the skin to become smoother and firmer. In case of fine, incipient lines, such as crow's feet, the cure is extremely rapid. Naturally, it takes rather longer to eradicate deeper lines of long standing, but the process is progressive and preventive and the regular user of "Wrinkola" will not only dissipate established wrinkles but will keep the skin smooth, fine, and firm, and prevent the deterioration which causes wrinkles as a result of age, illness, or fatigue.

Naturally, reactions vary, but the fact that results are invariably satisfactory in greater or lesser degree, and that users of "Wrinkola" consider it the most efficacious of rejuvenating creams, is impressive.

Sport with an Autogiro *(Continued from page ii)*

Canadian branch about five years ago, and is returning to England for a period at Stag Lane, before going off somewhere else to put up a Moth factory.

There is still time to enter for the Egyptian Air Rally, taking place next month at some oasis or other. At the "A.A.", or at Heston, full details can be obtained of a very attractive programme, and who wouldn't go to Egypt in the winter, given the aeroplane and the right companion?

Whilst en route from Geneva to Lisbon, the Lindberghs had to land in Santona Bay, near Santander, owing to fog. According to one daily paper, they were uninjured, though the paragraph is headed "Mishap." Surely in these days people know that a landing at a place other than your destination is not an accident, and, in the case of the Lindberghs, their machine is a seaplane, designed to alight on any old stretch of water.

Mrs. John Chapman returned to Brooklands to renew her licence to fly after an absence from the air of twelve months. A check over by Duncan Davis was found quite sufficient and she got her ticket again on the second day. There have been many cases of pilots who have taken up flying after years spent in the more prosaic sports on land and sea. Most of them find little difficulty in flying, but have a tendency to flatten-out for landing much too high up, or they go to the other extreme and come out of the glide too late. A refresher course at a good school is always advisable.

Brooklands is busy with sales and service, as well as flying. A Fox Moth has been sold to India; the Hawker Tomtit has returned for further tests at the School; amateur parachutists have been trying their luck in preparation for next season's meetings.

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BRONTËS OF HAWORTH PARSONAGE.—Still more about the three sisters, with Catherine Lacey, Barbara Couper, and Joan White to play their parts: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CABBAGES AND KINGS.—Cyril Maude and Eva Moore in the English adaptation of Forzano's play: Ambassadors, 8.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DISTAFF SIDE.—Sybil Thorndike is the focal point in John van Druten's family portrait gallery; the talk, like the acting, is good and the story sufficiently interesting: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EIGHT BELLS.—A breath of good salt air, flavoured with a tang of excitement; the last week of the run: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

HAY FEVER.—Constance Collier in the revival of Noel Coward's comedy: Shaftesbury, 8.30.

HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton as the King rather than the Man this time, with Flora Robson as Katherine of Arragon: Old Vic, 8; Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE.—Too sweet for some palates, but Gillian Scaife acts well: Westminster, 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PROSCENIUM.—Ivor Novello acts in his own play all about actors and actresses in more or less private life, with Fay Compton, Zena Dare, and Joan Barry: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE.—At the Chiswick Empire, 7.45.

SHEPPEY.—How the twentieth-century would react to Christianity's precepts too literally obeyed, set out with all Somerset Maugham's wit and satire; Ralph Richardson superb as Sheppey: Wyndham's, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUNSHINE SISTERS.—The rather ugly duckling of the Novello trio of plays: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE TUDOR WENCH.—The Virgin Queen from a new dramatic angle; Elizabeth as a Princess acted by Beatrix Lehmann with intelligence and imagination: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME?—Carol Coombe and Morris Harvey in the English version of Marcel Achard's circus-life comedy: Little.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

AFTER DARK.—Nelson Keys, versatile and witty, as himself and a lot of other people, in a revue of gaiety and speed: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

BALL AT THE SAVOY.—Musical-comedy on sumptuous lines, mostly imported: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLERINA.—Frances Doble as Varsavina, the dancer who thinks all well lost for her art: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire comes back to London, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GIVE ME A RING.—A musical-comedy that does just what you'd expect, except that Will Fyffe and Flanagan and Allen give you an extra laugh: Hippodrome, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOW D'YOU DO.—The last week of this gay and amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—All the traditional charm, light-hearted romance and musicality of the Austrian Tyrol as a contrast for the sophistication and polish of Mary Ellis's delightful performance: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish: if you like her, you'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's long-overdue return to the London stage in Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce without the usual flavour; even Sydney Howard finds his famous hands rather empty: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT CLUB QUEEN.—Anthony Kimmins' Mrs. Meyrick-inspired comedy, with Edith Sharpe as the "queen": Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

TEN MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TERROR.—A revival of Edgar Wallace's thriller: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UP IN THE AIR.—A farce with a forced landing to make the complications: Royalty, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Kingsway, 8.40. Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.40.

First Nights

ACROPOLIS.—Robert E. Sherwood's Grecian play, with a cast headed by Gladys Cooper and Raymond Massey: Lyric, Nov. 23.

LABURNAM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as a North London householder; Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's new comedy: Duchess, Nov. 28.

THAT'S A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce, with George Gee in it: Daly's. To-night, 8.

OPERA AND DANCING

OPERA.—A varied programme, mostly of old favourites: Sadler's Wells, 8.0.

AGNES DE MILLE.—The American dancer who arranged the dancing in "Nymph Errant": St. Martin's, November 22nd and 30th, 2.30.

CINEMAS

BERKELEY SQUARE.—The play as filmed in an English studio and with an English cast makes quite good entertainment: Marble Arch Pavilion.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS.—New York detectives at work make good Hollywood material, Bette Davis provides the love interest: Capitol.

A CUCKOO IN THE NEST.—Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn; and the "Three Little Pigs" Silly Symphony: New Gallery.

HEROES FOR SALE.—With Richard Barthelmess as the star: Prince Edward Theatre.

LA MATERNELLE.—Madeleine Renaud and some more amazingly good child-actors in an interesting French film: Academy.

MAYOR OF HELL.—Being the Governor of a reformatory is something new for James Cagney, but he does it well: Regal.

MORNING GLORY.—As the stage-struck girl who fights her way to the top on Broadway, Katharine Hepburn gives a superb performance: Coliseum.

POIL DE CAROTTE.—Robert Lynen, the French child-actor, gives a pathetically moving and extraordinarily naturalistic performance: Rialto.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

SPIONE AM WERK.—Brigitte Helm in a German spy story, directed by Gerhard Lamprecht: Cinema House.

THE WANDERING JEW.—An English film version of Temple Thurston's famous story; Conrad Veidt plays the Jew: Tivoli.

THE WAY TO LOVE.—Maurice Chevalier, full of S.A. as ever, shows the way: Carlton.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts a mixed programme of Mozart, Elgar, Smetana, Delius, Tchaikowsky; Piatigorsky, the soloist: Queen's Hall. To-night, 8.15.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Beethoven Symphony No. 2. Dvorak and Berlioz, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, and Lionel Tertis playing the viola: Queen's Hall. Nov. 23, 8.15.

BOYD NEEL STRING ORCHESTRA, and Kathleen Long playing the piano: Aeolian Hall. Nov. 24, 8.15.

ELISABETH SCHUMANN, Leon Goossens, and the London Symphony Orchestra; Julius Harrison conducting: Queen's Hall. Nov. 28, 8.15.

Recitals

VICTOR BABIN.—Pianoforte recital: Grotrian Hall. Nov. 27, 8.30.

EIDE NORENA.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall. Nov. 23, 8.30.

ORLOFF.—Second Chopin recital: Wigmore Hall. Nov. 25, 8.30.

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER.—Pianoforte recital: Aeolian Hall. Nov. 23, 8.15.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Jane Carr entertains, with Ivor Dennis at the piano; Lew Stone's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Douglas Byng sings his "more sinned against than sinning" songs; dance music by Billy Gerhardi's band: extension night, Wednesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Mme. Alina de Silva in cabaret, and Van Straten's band: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" (New York Midnight Follies) keep on collecting new adorers; Jack Jackson's band.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Jeanne Aubert sings; Jack Harris makes the dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY HOTEL.—Harold and Lola dance, Wilfred Worden, the fifteen-year-old pianist, plays, and Sherkot juggles and dances; extension night, Friday.

In the Ballrooms

BALL.—In aid of Belgrave Hospital for Children: Claridge's. Nov. 22.

DINNER BALL.—In aid of the Great Ormonde Street Hospital for Sick Children: Dorchester Hotel. Nov. 23.

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK HUNT BALL.—Orwell Park, Ipswich. Nov. 24.

MIDNIGHT SUPPER PARTY AND BALL.—In aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund: Claridge's Hotel. Nov. 28.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

EAST LONDON GROUP.—Lefevre Galleries, 12, King Street, St. James's.

THE LONDON GROUP: New Burlington Galleries.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries.

ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS EXHIBITION.—Ernest Thesiger opens it on Nov. 29: Royal Horticultural Hall.

CINEMATOGRAPH EXHIBITION.—Home and industrial ciné equipment, studios, lectures, and demonstrations: Dorland Hall. From Nov. 27.

FLOWER SHOW.—Horticultural Hall. Nov. 28.

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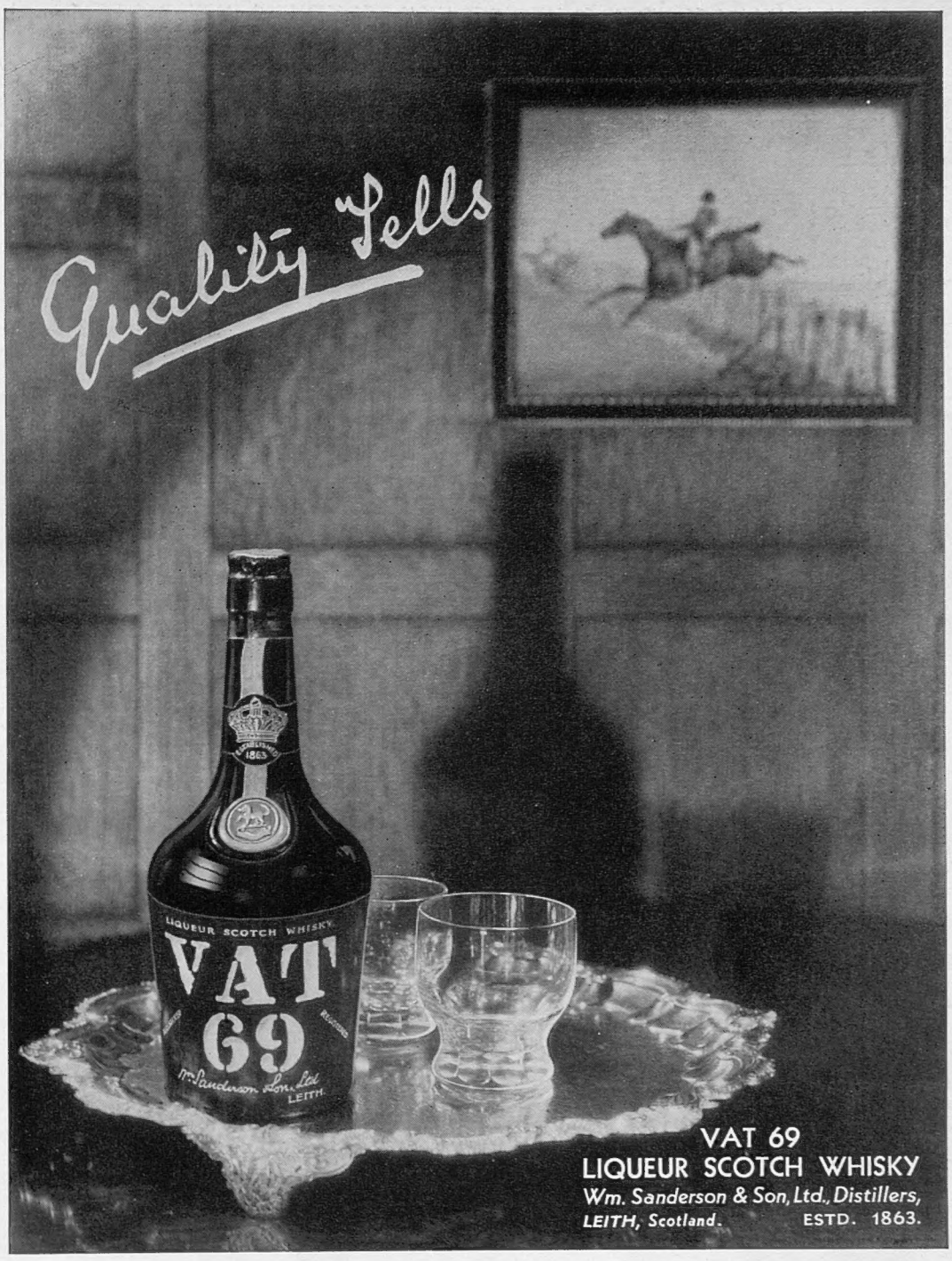

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